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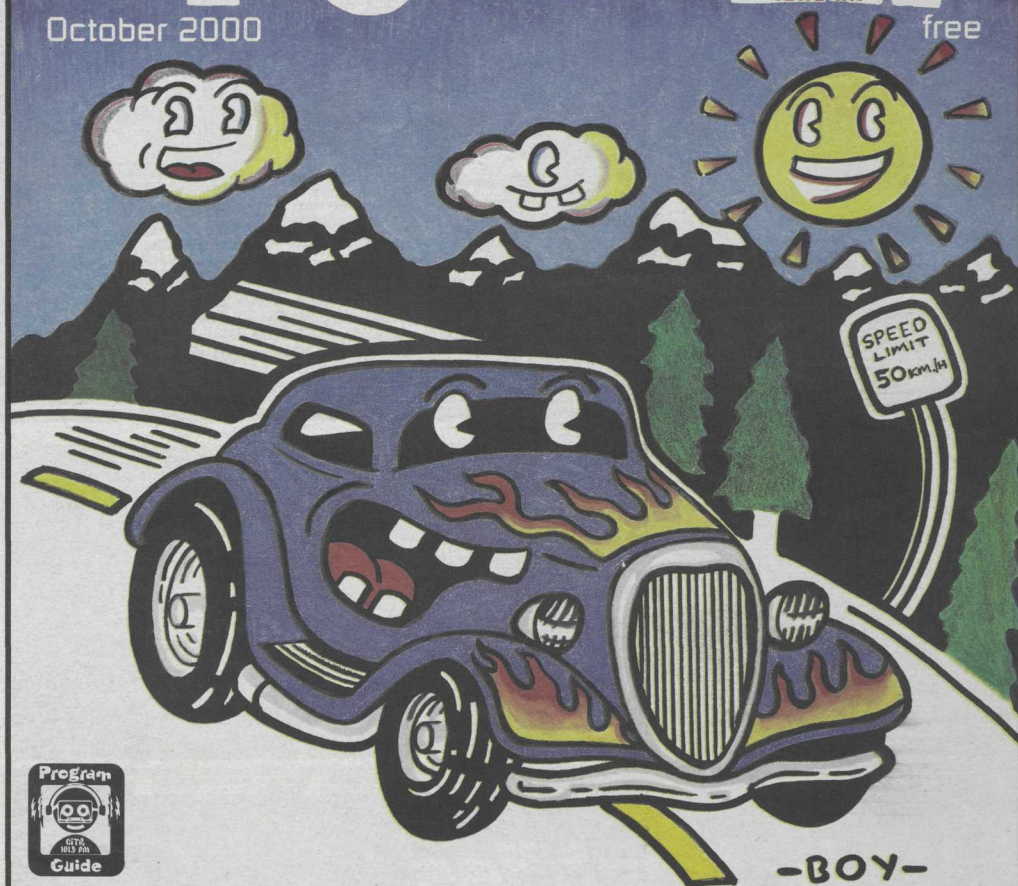
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October 2000



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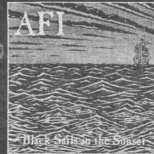


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DISCORDER

ISSUE 211 • OCTOBER 2000 • THAT MAGAZINE FROM CTR 101.9FM

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THE BOY IS A LOCAL ENIGMA WHO WORKS IN JEFFY MARKER, SIDEWALK CHALK, AND OTHER MEDIA. HE 'SPECIALLY DREW US THIS HOT ROD COVER, AND IT CHEERS US UP EVERY TIME WE LOOK AT IT. CHECK OUT SOME OF HIS OTHER WORK AT THE 3 BUMPS ON A LOG EXHIBIT RUNNING SEPTEMBER 3-OCTOBER 22 AT THE TART GALLERY (1869 4TH AVENUE, WHERE ZUZO RECORDS USED TO BE). THANKS ALSO TO JAMIE MACCLAREN.

last month's photo of ben neville was taken by tanya goering.

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Dear Airhead

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WOW, A READER! I just spent an hour or so with the September DISCORDER, and I am inspired to write! (God help us all.)

Enjoyed Nat X on racism Canadian-style. I think maybe Nat's getting a little paranoid—"Where are you from?" is almost a ritual in this cultural tapestry and hopefully most of the time it is in celebration and enchantment on our differences—not hatred of them. White does not exist unless by reference to black. I do not exist without you, Nat. (See Roland Barthes' "Pleasure of the Text" etc.)

But, strangely enough, I too have spent some time under the big hot beer here and in the US, and it does get old very, very fast. Getting pulled over all the time as the "visible whipping boy" is a nightmare. Can't blame u for being pissed.

The Spiffles by Jamaal was a delight and, although a little raw in spots, is mainly inspired journalism as good as any music coverage in Vancouver—better than most. A very nice "voice."

Also outstanding is the interview with Ernie and Bill of Removal by Steve DiPasquale and Chris Clifford. Excellent.

I gather the September issue was especially expensive and difficult to complete (from your various references etc., within). Worth every penny. I am still enjoying it.

Now, can someone tell me where CTR 101.9 maps to if I am receiving radio on Rogers cable?

Bonar Harris

NAT X RESPONDS

There's a difference between "Where are you from?" as a sign of curiosity and as a mark of othering. I suppose what bothers me more than the automatic assumption of Otherness or foreignness implicit in a white person (in particular) asking a Canadian of colour where they are from, is the very common insistence on othering when an unexpected or unsatisfactory response arises. No, before that, where are you really from? The point is not simple difference, the point is power and disenfranchisement. Being assumed to be Other because of cer-

tain assumptions about what it means to be Canadian or what Canadians look/sound like (for example basing notions of Canadianism on the idea of "two solitudes") automatically excludes a significant portion of the population from emotional, spiritual, and cultural citizenship. What I hope is that by questioning these assumptions we may begin to reconsider our ideas of citizenship and belonging to begin to deconstruct the dominant discourses and representations that secure white Anglo/Francophone as the universal Canadian norm. Perhaps then we can begin to include all those who form this "cultural tapestry" you mention. I don't believe in homogeny, I relish difference; it can be incredibly empowering; however, there is a fine line between difference as a pejorative marker of Otherness and difference as a point of intersection and dialogue.

Nat X.

PS. Yeah, I've read Barthes.

CTR is at 101.9FM cable in most places round these parts. We're also now providing live Shoutcast MP3 streaming 24 hours a day. Click the "Listen Live" link on our website (www.ams.ubc.ca/ctr) to look up.—Ed.

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Culture Shock



BY ANTHONY MONDAY

**Anthony Monday is THE Kuwaiti Correspondent.
SEX! The formative years. Or, the only thing on my mind.**

(Note: the views expressed in this column are not necessarily those of DISCORDER Magazine. They are entirely those of Anthony Monday, a bitter, young, urban, white, gay, experiencing a whole shwack-load of culture shock in a country he knows nothing about. This is a learning experience.)

Kuwait is as flat and lonely as the moon. The sand and rock stretch out like any alien landscape, dotted with clay-type houses, mosques, and water towers. My nose has been full of dust since I stepped off the plane, and so far the only word I have learned in Arabic is "chicken"—it sounds like "dja-judge." All is well.

I told my friends before I left the relative calm of Vancouver and the womb-like comfort of CTR that I still wanted to help with DISCORDER; you know, help provide a more international flair, speak of culture and music in other parts of the world—parts ignored by mainstream media. Kuwait isn't except-

ly in the Top 40 of world coverage. My decision to write about this place wasn't entirely altruistic. "Think about it!" I told myself, "an entire article dedicated to me. ME. No more of those piddling reviews." Nope. Not me, I've gone up in the world, I've gone up-town, baby. Meet me at the China Grill, I'm gonna have myself a big ol' duck salad, 'cause I got me a columnist position.

Now the only problem is content. Then again, I say to myself, most columnists don't really write about much. Hell, if Bruce La Pave can get off writing semi-vulgar reports on his latest sexual excursion into some gay world he hates, I'm sure I can whack a few lines off about a white-eye living in a country that is in the process of being raped by the semen-stained fingers of the west. [Not that I have anything against Bruce. No, I think he and I share similar views on homosexuality in the world today. However, even

though I hate "gay culture" as much as the next semi-intellectual, individualistic, artistic, post-modern, post-queer, post-anal bleeding gap, I really think we should all just get over it. If you have a problem with it you can start your own little group, founded on elitist principles of mockery, intellectual bullshit, and sexually illicit photos that "push the boundaries" of what sex and sexual identity is. Yay you or you could just move on.]

Kuwait seems to be a place that has just started moving on. Twenty years ago, there was nothing here. Sand and dust and the fish in the sea. Oil changed that. So much so that yesterday I sat in an Arabic Starbucks, in a giant mall, while women covered head to toe in black carried Gap, Club Monaco, and Next clothing bags under their arms. Their shoes looked sleek and expensive, thin heels and thin straps. Each one chatted on cell phones smaller than a midge's dick. Some carried Prada purses

es. In private, once the black has fallen from their bodies, they must be the best-dressed housewives in the world. Men here are affectionate, especially at an age when most westerners pull macho personas out of their pimply faces: young men—teenagers—hold hands and kiss. They wear their long white dishdash dresses, wear their head-dresses with pride, and their upper lips are covered with a thickening black down. They link arms and talk on their cell phones, sit at coffee shops with their legs folded, revealing expensive black shoes. These are the rich ones. The poor are outside in the 45-degree heat, covered in dust. Working hard.

Sex and sexuality in Kuwait is another matter. The women are covered in black to stop other men from looking at their bodies, and it works. The women that are not covered receive the frightening blows of looks and aghes that smash them down. They are an anomaly. Advertising, films, even magazines have been censored for (against?) sex. It's refreshing, in my eyes. I come from a place where every second word and every second picture is about sex. We talk it, we breathe it, and we cannot speak to our friends without mentioning it. It's the first thing that hits me when I get off the plane, after being awake and flying for 45 hours,

natch—sex is private here. Power is a different matter. That's next month's topic. That and the compulsive drinking of Helicopter Fluid. But for now, being in a place where, as far as I can see, "gay" doesn't exist, I think I am going to like it here. It is possible that the great gay gods in the sky are punishing me with this exile, and by the time I return, I'll be crawling half-naked down David Street with my tongue lolling out, begging to take it up the ass in public, repentant for all the times I suggested that the urban gay world needs a good dose of social criticism. It is possible. But we're going to have to wait and see. •

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Vancouver Special



BY JANIS MCKENZIE & JAMAAL

Ahh... UBC in September. Open-air claustrophobia, agitation, money-grubbing vendors wooing glossy-eyed sheeple—a land of dreams both actualized and shattered. It was in this “blooming, buzzing confusion” that I took it upon myself to learn and then to teach. To seek the best, or at least the most readily available, local independent music I could find, then bring it to the people. The people need me, they love me, they score me so much I lost my notes for this column. Fuck. September also marks the beginning of SHINDIG!, CTR’s annual battle of the bands. I bet you I lost my notes pulling one those fucking flyers out of my bag. So anyway, I’m posting like a good little participant, when some guy comes up to inform me that a) he’s in my philosophy class, and b) I’m posting in support of his band, **VICTORY GIN!** That’s it, Victory Gin! I got a demo from them. They’re this polished punk-pop type deal. My girlfriend said they reminded her of **Nada Surf!** I concurred. I don’t recall them reinventing the wheel, but I do remember liking the disc.

<victorygin@hotmail.com>
Who else is playing this damn SHINDIG! thing?
AMARILLO STARS. That’s right. They came on a tape from Nanaimo with **COUPON**, contestant in last week’s SHINDIG! Actually, this one’s kind of funny: In their press package came a photocopy of our charts with Coupon on top [larged], and a review of their last demo by my predecessor. Unfortunately for Coupon, I am not “a sucker for crybabies.” I think they’re peries. Same goes for **Amarillo Stars**, whose songs sound exactly like the ones on side A. If, however, I may be so judicious, Julie [Music Director] did say that she quite enjoyed Coupon’s performance at SHINDIG!, even though he lost out to Joel.
<blklball@island.net>

What else, what else? Saw a poster up at the station for **UNEVEN STEPS** [can’t remember band], whoever that is. Seems to me they sent in a demo. Don’t recall liking anything about it. Oh, wait a minute: I thought the music would have been adequately offensive, were the vocals not so infuriating. And I liked the cover. Sweet-ass [I heard that expression’s coming back].

<esymons@stepandahalf.com>
Hey, look! I found my remaining demo tapes. Sweet-ass! **THE FANFARE** hail from local code 604 and play what Julie describes as “spazz-rock.” Apparently that’s what the hard-

core kids are doing these days. I’ll have to take her word for it. This kind of music goes right over my head, so I won’t even pretend to have an opinion on it. Julie liked it, though, and you that I know that she knows what the fuck. I did think it was kind of funny that I couldn’t make out anything the singer was saying, even with the lyric sheet in hand. <thefanfare@hotmail.com>

THE CARDINALS come to us straight outta Victoria, with their own “unique” style of [yawn] surf music. I’ve had it up the here with [yawn] surf music. I guess the claim to “uniqueness” comes from the one non-surf attribute they bring to each song, be it a sliding bass groove, a guitar upstroke, or a complete shutdown on the tempo. Yeah, slow that surf down, this is great. Enough already. 4335 Blankinship Rd., Victoria, BC V8X 2C3

You know what’s nice? Ending on a high note, saving the best for last, finishing strong, and all the rest of that positivity crap. On that note, I present you, the people, with the newest from **THE LOLLIES**, that British/American/Canadian troupe of ladies that have thus far dominated the year 2000’s DISCORDER indie charts with their smash hit, “Green Card Marriage.” The ladies are back, pushing a similar collection of humoured pop ditties, even, dare I say it, better than the last. Production quality is up, instrumentation is coming along, while lyrical wit remains steady. The Lollies’ future appears to be in need of shades.

<the_lollies@hotmail.com>
Did I mention that we’ve got this thing called SHINDIG! going on? Every Tuesday night at the Railway Club. Be there—I know I will [in cognito, of course]. *
Jamaal

I AM SPOONBENDER (Mint)
Early this year I was lucky enough to find myself spending a few happy hours in CBC’s enormous record library. It’s a magical place for anyone who loves music, thick with the heady scent of mouldering LP covers, almost eerily silent, and organized in a way that seems designed to surprise you at every turn. Perhaps most surprising was its basic breakdown of music into categories; beyond the expected Classical and Pop, there was also Electronic. This section was much smaller than the others and did include the **Jean Michel Jarre** and stereo-testing-type things you might expect, but, joy of joys, it also had some remarkable (and

sometimes remarkably old) treasures of synthesizer experimentation. These albums were made by musicians who were clearly thrilled by the new technology, and their obvious joy at making cool, previously unheard sounds makes for refreshing listening. This, as you might guess, is where I am spoonbender comes in. They’re not kids, and they know a lot about music but manage to convey the sense that they are fun-loving children [yet also, paradoxically, serious music pioneers] having the time of their lives with a room full of vintage synths. And that’s just part of it. How ‘bout those ‘80s pop moments (especially on the third track, “Where Do Words Go?”) And then there are plenty of stylishly cool female vocals too. Fresh.

jamspoonbender.com
Janis McKenzie

VARIOUS ARTISTS 604 (Indiecomp)

So what makes a good compilation CD? Well, it should let you sample some things you would never otherwise hear, include at least a few tracks that you really like, and [this is the hardest part] somehow have some kind of cohesive identity as a whole. **Dominic Radio**, last year’s generous double-CD from Transiberian, pulled this off by making you feel as if you’ve tuned into some cool radio station from another planet. Vancouver Special, my favourite from this year, succeeds in conveying the idea that all the bands hang out together, which makes you wish you were part of the gang.

604, on the other hand, sounds like it was created by a committee of commercial rock station music directors determined to cover as much ground as they possibly could. This means a spazkily-high-voiced early-’70s pensive folk-folk-rock (**Jessie Farrell**), **Space Kid**, vintage garage-surf (**The Reverberators**), an **April Wine** cover (by **Hummer**), two ska tracks (**The Hounds of Buskerville** and **Kiltlifters**), one energetic dance track (**Drop 5-Quad**, with a song about drinking), hints of the **Cardigans** (**The Dreaming**), plain music with an unexpected bonus track if the whole idea is to introduce bands to a new audience?

www.indiecomp.com
Janis McKenzie



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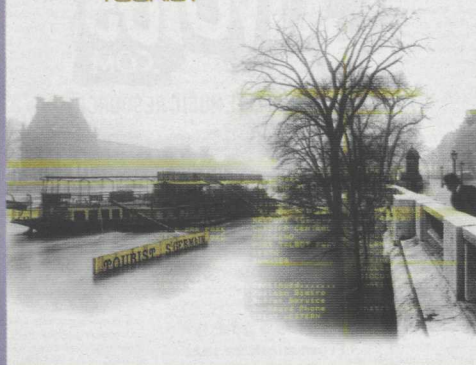
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7 inch



BY JULIE COLERO

Ladies and Gentlemen, please pause a moment and shed a tear for a good thing come to an end—Slampt records is no more. The source of much joy for myself and at least one other throughout the formative teenage years, this fantastic wee British label has gone and given up the cause. Don't think it disappeared without an explanation, though; quite the detailed diatribe accompanies the label's final single, my big find of the month. The label that so dutifully catalogued all that was good and afloat in Newcastle-Upon-Tyne, giving us the goodies like **Missy X**, **Petty Crime**, **Avocado Baby**, and **Milky Whamshake**, has gone and stepped out of the biz. **Rachel** and **Pete**, both busy with **Red Monkey**, have decided that they've run out of bands and steam. I consider this a major downer, as I never did score a copy of the *Avocado Baby* LP. *A Million and Nine and Sex and Gum and Stuff*. Feel for me. But that's not the worst thing that's going down 'round these parts. School's back in session, I can't make my brain understand

German, late-night bus rides to the suburbs are beginning to take their toll, and I recently learned that I'm a jerk. At least I get to play basketball with really big and tough men... and sometimes



listen to good records. This month's tuneage is so pathetic that I had to break the sizing rule and resort to reviewing a 12" as well, if only to add a bit more positive content to the column. I'm going to keep at least 12 toes crossed that I get some hot rock for next month, otherwise I don't know what I'll do with myself. I need to be amused, and most of my loot just ain't doing it. That said, here's what I listened to in the span of about 30 minutes

while my eyes unfocused and my wits left me...

Okay, so I gave a bit more time to the **RED LIGHT STING/HOT HOT HEAT** split 12". I couldn't help it—it's bigger and has more songs! And, of course, more importantly, it's actually quality. I'm glad that the bands chose to release their material this way: getting two very spazzy keyboard bands on one record is awfully convenient. **Hot Hot Heat**, hailing from overseas Victoria, has been around slightly longer than **Red Light Sting** and has a few more notches on its black studied belt. No, do not be confused, this is not rock music. This is a fantastic punka rocka offshoot that makes man very confused but willing to dance. Both bands are heavy-handed with the old-school keyboards and bass and come off with a bit of a creepy edge at times. Someone stole the beautiful liner notes from my LP, and I'm left with no clue what any of the songs are called. I'll mention that track three on the **Red Light Sting** side rules the most, as it's catchy (slightly difficult when you're disoriented,

speedy, and very sharp). The recording quality is much better than I expected, with clear distinctions of all instruments and voices. A nice treat, to be sure. **Hot Hot Heat's** side is a bit less clean on the ear but still tops. Track five's keyboards made me shake the most on this side. Yup. Support local spazz rock. Not only do they look and sound good, but these kids have hearts of gold, too. (Ache, PO Box 138, 1001 W. Broadway #101, Vancouver BC V6H 4E4)

Wow. Look at all that wordage. That means I can very quickly breeze through the list. First on the hit list: **TRISTEZA**. Man, what a no-good trick this band pulled. I bought the first album based on the beauty of the cover art and was won over by the beauty of the music. This band had something going so right for it! Now, however, it's gone all wussy and repetitive. Not good repetitive, droney repetitive, like you'd be apt to encourage in a band—dull repetitive. Apparently, the a-side of this release is supposed to be the catchy one. **Hot Nothing** happens... nothing happens... oh, and then it ends. The b-side is even worse. As late as I can give the band props for not following the now very tired and cliché quiet, quiet, quiet, LOUDI routine. (Tiger Style, 149 Wooster St. 4th Floor, New York, NY 10012)

Less controversially bad but still not good is the **CAVE-INS** single. Yeah, the sticker says they

do "country flavoured slowcore." **Bedhead** did that first and did it much better. Why you messin' with established goodness? Leave it alone, brother, and go wash some dishes. Singing and stuff is not your bag, and happiness will find you faster in the kitchen. Maybe this might be pretty or pleasant for those who've never heard it done right. I suggest you



do some research. (Omniibus, PO Box 530513, San Francisco, CA 94113)

Look at me, Julie the Jerk. This is fun! I just belittled my minuscule audience, and soon you will be skipping right to the comics without reading anything I write. How will I ever make it onto the Georgia Straight payroll without my loyal fan base? I want to please you, really! Oh, and skipping to the comics is good, don't get me wrong about that. I'll try to be nicer for the rest of this column, as I have a show to go to, and I write faster when I pretend to be in good spirits. I like **GRANDDADDY**. This band gets all epic on you without even ask-

ing permission, and that is a welcome disturbance. "The Crystal Lake" comes straight off the latest full-length, but this is worth getting for the b-side alone. Granddaddy do space-age sounds with high male vocals, a little like that last **Flaming Lips** album. Eat this up. [V2, no address given, but it's a major label, so you'll find it no trouble.]

Rock not and rule. **MONKEY POWER TRIO** roll, and I can't believe this band sent me two different singles. Believe you me, I did not listen to #2, let alone flip over the first one. These singles serve to inform me that bad bands are not just taking advantage of cheap CD-making costs to ruin my life. Thank you, Monkey Power Trio. Now break up already. [Trust me, you don't need this address. Except if you've always wanted to send something to Ypsilanti, MI.]

Okay, and the last mention goes to the goodness that wrapped the **Slampt** sadness, that being the latest (and possibly last) **INTERNATIONAL STRIKE FORCE** single. Not my favourite band on the label, these girls do a dirty guitar rockin' routine that sometimes flies and often falls flat. Luckily, three of the four songs on this release are keepers. There's lots of yelling and fuzzy guitar licks, plenty of catchiness and charisma. If this is at all still procurable, do so for your own great pleasure. (Oh, why bother... I got mine at Scratch.) We outta here. •

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Strut & Fret



BY PENELOPE MULLIGAN

This Month: Talking Back to the Fringe!

HORNY JUNK

barabones theatre equity co-op

The writing in this one-man show is so amazingly good that the performance almost gets in its way. Written and delivered by Steve Griffiths, it's really an extended monologue by a junky, chronicling the history of his addiction and his attempts to come off the horse. It's also an ode to Chet Baker, with whom the protagonist became obsessed as a teenager—to the point of emulating the heavenly horn player's drug habit. Griffiths has the kind of descriptive powers that make your flesh tingle. When he talks of "shards of air slicing [his] eyes" as he plunges downward in a freestyle nightmare, or his wins and sines incoherently and popping as he rips through his body trying to cleanse the junk out of his system, you're nailed to your seat, cringing. I kept imagining this piece done like beat poetry, with a barely visible monologist pounding it out over Baker's music. Griffiths is a sincere and powerful actor, but you just don't need to hang a play on material this strong.

BEAUTY ON A BUDGET

The Deck Hands Equity Co-op

I suppose that staging playlets on the Aquabus comes with the territory when you headquarter a Fringe Festival on Granville Island. But god, were they aiming low with this one. It was all I could do to stay in my seat and refrain from inserting some interactive theatre of my own into this pandering drivel. I can only hope the other two pieces in the series were better. As one of the media, I was pined with morsels and libations before embarking, but feel sorry for the punters who paid \$8 to sit in a tub for 15 minutes and be regaled with bad dinner-theatre sans dinner. Repeat after me: Theatre for Everyone, Theatre for Everyone...

CIRCUS REJECT PEEP SHOW

poisoned pickle pop productions

Don't know why I was expecting something nice and sleazy here—maybe it's that CIRCUS word—but there was a wholesomeness about this little



chris cunningham and amy brennan
of circus reject peep show

show that was really quite charming. Performers Amy Brennan and Chris Cunningham played an array of characters threaded together by a plot that was part soap opera and part noirish intrigue. Brennan was especially riveting as she ricocheted from dominatrix Ring Mistress to New York Italian stud via an eight-year-old trapeze artist and a plummy Englishman. The writing (by Cunningham) was wonderful, and I began to realize (silly me) that this wasn't a circus, but a play about a circus. A story narrated by the Ring Mistress while Aquasha the

mermaid aerialist cavorted on the trapeze was dark and moving, while a short parable involving a ballroom was so sweet that it should have evaporated—but it keeps coming back to visit me. There was also some nicely twisted humour involving a pair of siamese twins. The show could benefit from more of circus acts actually being done rather than merely indicated or referred to, but then Brennan and Cunningham are actors, not circus performers, and this is where their considerable mime skills and sense of theatre served them well. It felt good to be sitting in the dark with this one, and before long, I wasn't even missing the sleaze.

EDUCATING MAD PERSONS

Ryuzanj & Company

The members of this Tokyo troupe are brilliantly demented and I want to run away with them. Even if you've only read about their production, you'll probably know the story by now: an omniscient doctor informs a family that one of their number is mad and during the course of the *Opereita*, everyone goes through their own mental contortions as they try to stifle out which one. All six family members are played by female actors who are figuratively and often literally manipulated by puppetmasters. As well as being an allegory for predilections, these puppeteers also serve as a kind of Greek chorus, nipping in and out to comment on the action. At least half the time, they were speaking in Shakespearean English, but it was a while before I realized this, so thick were their accents. Hilariously enough, they silted the lot. I hated to take my eyes off the show, though, because it was all so fascinating to watch. Their set was a minimalist circus, their jumble-sale wardrobe looked like it had fallen into a child's paint box and although highly disciplined performers, they always seemed on the verge of going berserk. The initial clunky earnestness was decreasing—once the various characters began to take shape, I was squealing or sighing about every 10 seconds. And what characters. There was a feline-loving Grandma, played by a baby-faced actress who screamed like Diamond Dallas when she sang and spent the rest of the time cooing "milk, milk" as she manically scissored away making origami cats. A stuttering Papa with a boring accounting job who spent his free time listening to Shostakovich (I think) almost had me in tears. The girl-child Ran, who had polio and also the freest spirit of the bunch, sang like Björk. [In fact, the loaded simplicity of much of the lead lady lyrics was rather Björk-like.] The parody of conformity and its attendant fear of being branded an outcast would have particular resonance in Japanese society, where high school students top themselves for as little as failing math—although it doesn't take a great deal of imagination to apply this to North Americans and their obsession with getting every inch right for whatever scene they've decided to clone into. But social analysis was only a small part of the show's treasure. The best thing for me was just breathing in that special kind of craziness that keeps side-stepping to reveal the wisdom behind it.

KRAPP'S LAST TAP

English Suitcase Theatre Company

Krapp is an old geezer who over the years has dictated his life's exploits onto reel-to-reel tape. As the play opens, he's preparing to record his last one, but keeps getting sidetracked by Box 3, Spool 5, which contains the account of bitter-sweet meetings with a lover in a doomed, long-gone relationship. I did care, but actor Kevin Williamson's labours were so arrogantly stilled—so goddamned acutely—that I couldn't get in. Yes, I know this is Samuel Beckett, and we don't necessarily want

actors mumbling like Brando when they perform his works, but all the English playwright's absurdist dramas, this one-hander probably has the most realistic and recognizable human setup. The play would have lost none of Beckett's absurd pathos if Williamson had dropped his stylistic guard a bit. His performance was a curious case of character empathy which couldn't break through the wall of representational acting. He's very skilled and obviously loves his craft, so I do admire him, but do period pieces have to smell like they've spent the last few decades stashed in an attic?

ROMEO AND JULIET

Illyria

The best Shakespeare I've seen in recent years has been at the cinema, yanked all over the map and all over the 20th century—Richard II in the 1930s, *Romeo and Juliet* in contemporary LA, or a New York City *Cyber-Hamlet*. So it was good to find out that I could go back to the theatre for the Bard straight up and still feel a thrill. These nimble-jawed actors delivered the text at such a crackling pace that I marvelled at how every syllable remained intact. Using little more for sets than a trunk and a table, five performers played about twenty different char-

acters, complete with substantial costume changes, and they were on and off in their various guises at a speed that made my head spin. It must have been bedlam backstage. I barely had time to clock the irony and humour in some of the cross-casting. After courting Juliet, Paul Kamen as Romeo (who had to wear glasses to see her on the balcony) returned as Lord Capulet and started slapping her around for declining to marry Paris. And Marcus Fernando's performance as Mercutio reached such a pitch of screaming camp that it seemed inevitable he should glide back on as Lady Capulet after he died. The light scenes, whether with swords, sticks, knives, fists, or boots to the kidneys were brutal and would have had the starliest 12-year-old mall rat in raptures. Some of the comedy struck a bit excessive, but it wasn't hard to forgive a little over-do with so much ingenuity and skill rolling off the stage. The most charming thing, though, is that without uttering a word of the text, the actors glossed the scenes of love and anger with a rhythm that was completely contemporary and believable. I was so glad not to be disappointed because R&J is one of my two favourite love stories. The other one is *Wuthering Heights*. It's all that madness and death—I'm a sucker for high stakes. *

Louder Than A Bomb



BY NAT X

Why is it that contemporary Black poets are consistently labelled "rap poets" or "rap poets" by the mainstream press? I mean really, even when they recite their words to music, white poets are still referred to simply as "poets," while Black rhymers are naturally assumed to be a part of hip hop culture. While this may sometimes be the case, in general there seems to be something else at work. First, there is this arbitrary classist distinction between "high" and "low" (popular) culture, wherein "high" artists occupy a privileged position, both culturally and intellectually, in relation to the masses. Second, there is the assumption that Black artists, being necessarily immersed in hip hop culture, are "only" capable of producing "low" art. Therefore, when a Black poet releases an album it ends up in the rap section. Even at a "progressive" environment like CTR FM I find things like a Reg E. Gaines album of poetry filed under rap. Why is someone like William S. Burroughs reading over phat hip hop beats constructed specifically for the vocals [Spare Ass Annie] labelled spoken word, while Gaines reciting with a background of jazz and incidental sounds is considered rap? What about Gil Scott-Heron?

Despite his continual disavowal of any conscious connection between his work and rap he is continually labelled a "rap poet." Soul Williams too, finds

himself consistently a victim of this type of arbitrary (or perhaps not quite so arbitrary) classification. If the press refers to Williams as a "rap poet" he is quick to assert the identity he wants for himself: "I'm a poet. I'm an actor. I'm interested in music." Yet the problem persists.

While I have serious problems with creating an arbitrary value distinction between poetry as high art and rap as popular/low art, the fact remains that there are certain concrete distinctions: not all poets can be or want to be good rappers. On the other hand, not all rappers are capable of writing effective poetry beyond the banal nigger-bitch-no shit that we are forced by mainstream music. Granted, there are some poets or rappers that can and do function comfortably within either field (Michael Franti, the Black Dot Collective, etc.) but they are clearly the minority. Rap can be poetry and poetry can be rap, but it's not universal. Just try reciting a track by, say, Jay-Z like poetry or turning on ee cummings poem into a rap song. It just doesn't work.

Something integrally related to this discussion, that you might have noticed in the above argument, is the implicit gendering of both poetry and rap. Funny how Black male poets who incorporate music in their performances tend to be labelled "rap poets" or "rappers," while female Black poets, like Sarah Jones or Traci Morris, who collaborate with musicians and up being labelled as "singers" or "spoken word" performers. It seems that the gendering of hip hop is even stronger in people's minds that the racialization of poetry. In fact, this also reflects the gendering of poetry as a feminine (or at least not particularly masculine) activity, something at odds with the hyper-masculine imagery associated with hip hop. Anyway, the resistance to accepting young Black artists as poets outside of the hip hop genre speaks not only to white society's intellectual ghettoization of Black artists, but also to the reflections of white mainstream culture's sexism and racism that are apparent in the minority cultures which exist under its dominion. *

happiness by miyu. You're not doing well, but you're trying, really trying. You're tired, too, because you're in it for the long run. And it's long. You can't back out. You won't cheat because you are good. You're going to finish. You'll finish. You will feel good when you finish last. •

Radio Free Press



ZINES • BY SAM & BLEEK

Having pretty much ignored Vancouver-based zines in last month's Local Music Issue, it's about time we focused on some fine BC printed matter. Our motivations are somewhat mercenary, admittedly, because the first two publications we want to tell you about are ones that we just so happen to work on. Bleek's **Speck #7** (\$3 from around town or from 2573 Oxford Street, Vancouver, BC V5K 1M9) is, as we write, all printed-up and ready to go. Meanwhile, **Pop Baffin #3** (\$3, contact <popbaffin@canada.com>) should be on the shelves of your local indie magazine emporia by the time you read this. It's had a major overhaul since #2 and is shaping up to be pretty spectacular. It will feature interviews with Beans and (if they ever get back to us) another local zine, which neither of us writes for (honest).

Having gotten that out of the way, we'd like to tell you about another local zine, which neither of us writes for (honest).

Turf #2 came out, like, two years ago, but we've only just discovered it. It was worth the wait. **Turf** is an ambitious and unusually well-realized project. Distinctly female, without being



generically "girly," it's highly imaginative and eclectic in content. Apparently they're working on a new issue, right now. Keep an eye out for it. (\$3 from 1125 Pacific Drive, Delta, BC V4M 2K2)

Another publication with at least one foot in Vancouver is pan-Canadian zine **Revolution**

#1 #2. The main fact of this particular tome are film and theatre—for instance it includes a feature on Hong Kong action films courtesy of *Cinema Sewer* creator Robin Bougie. However, its scope is not limited, and it also features a pretty neat article on Canadian identity. <revolution_21@hotmail.com>

For more Canadian content, may we recommend **Mote #3**, Edmonton's much-loved freebie. We've mentioned this particular music rag before, but there's a new issue out, and we thought it was good enough to warrant a mention. Grab one while you can for interviews with B'ehl, Christine Fellows, and various others. (Rm 2001, 10130-103 St., Edmonton, AB T5J 3N9)

Also from Alberta is **Psychone (A Journal of Thoughts, Ideas, Truths and the Journey of Life)**, a sometimes long-winded and sterile-looking newsletter, stapled at the top left corner and all. Editor Steve Marlow received his BA last year and writes a somewhat high-brow critique of the state of

literature, and that's just the beginning. The rest of the zine/newsletter does not remain as dry, as we read about Jello Biafra's Green Party presidential platform, which makes more sense than anything we've heard from the rest of the bastards so far. There is a long history of wrestler Owen Hart's life

those usual music reviews, you might want to take a look at **Hodgepodge #6**. Escaped from New York, this is an obvious Punk Planet influenced aggressive rock zine. It includes looks at The WTO "Battle in Seattle," biotechnology, dioxin and tampons, and cultural critique. Good to know that there are punks out there proving that you can think about pertinent stuff and not just fall into the rockstar arena like so many. Also included are interviews with Rainer Maria, Catharsis, The Disemberment Plan, Daniel Quinn, and plenty of gnarly rants. (\$3.50 from Occulture, PO Box 8830, Victoria, BC V8W 3S3 or Mike Schode, 983 Little Neck Ave., N. Bellmore, NY 11710)

There must be a zine for every personality, ya think? Consider **Voice on the Wire #3** (the operator/telephone culture digest). This one is based on the workings of a telephone operator and any peripheral phone issues. The editor is known to many of us as Judith Beaman who brings us the grand Big Star-obsessed *Back of a Car* music zine. This one is smaller and simple, but the writing is great. There are plenty of newspaper clippings concerning phone service and such. Makes for a pretty odd read but is truly what perzines do best, allowing us into the author's

head for a glimpse of the workings that make people tick. (Judith Beaman, #4636 MPO, Vancouver, BC V6B 4A1)

Pay attention, friends, this is the part where the *Blinding Light!* Cinema starts its own zine, **250W**. This is my favorite part. Did you get the popcorn? Okay, no talking during the show. **250W** is about a bunch of characters that work at or are loyal customers of the *Blinding Light*. Our friend Jeanette Ordas, who we call Nettle (of *Queen of the Universal*) offers a swell interview with filmmaker Chris Wilcha, and our other zine buddy, Robin Bougie, contributed an interactive comic for us. If you keep watching, you'll learn about the history of the regular-8mm film and personal cinema. Alex Mackenzie interviews Lee Krist in this one and fiction/non-fiction cameos are made by Chris Tucker, Paul K. Jameson, Jane Lee, and Braden Jones. There's more stuff that I won't give away right now, and I hope there's a sequel. (\$3, *Blinding Light!* Cinema, 36 Powell St., Vancouver, BC V6A 1E7) <epic@istar.ca>

Our own ranting is going to have to end here, but we'd just like to take one final opportunity to tell you to buy our zines in bulk and make us rich/famous/happy. Thanks. *

downset.



check your people

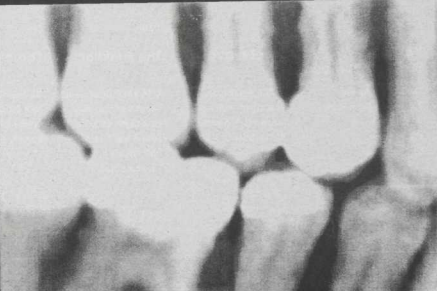
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9 DISORDER

DOIN' IT FOR THE KIDS!



photos: (right) burden being pointed at by the kids, java joint, surrey.
(below) good clean fun being pointed at by the kids, java joint, surrey.

After last month's gritty exposé on the supposed lack of venues to play here in Rain City (of which there are many), one glaring realization reared its ugly head—the ongoing struggle for those not of drinking age to see, play, or stage all-ages events. A bottle over secured venue space (which recently halted the Seven Segment Collective), our confusing liquor license laws, which prevent existing bars from promoting all-ages shows, and expensive overhead costs in renting halls like the Croatian Cultural Centre, the Anza Club, and other community spaces, are all contributing to a problem which puts a big damper on the kids. The last place that comes to mind that threw gigs for the younger set—with a seemingly successful result—was Crosstown Traffic, but after the drug dealers started outbidding the kids at shows, it was forced to close under suspicious circumstances.

However, all is not lost. Turn that frown upside down. In recent months, at least one place has been able to weather the storm and give kids a reason to freak out and kick-box again. The Java Joint, a 150-seat restaurant/back-room club, has been entertaining the masses in Surrey and surrounding areas for a couple of years now, but recently their profile has gotten a facelift from a committed group of people who want to see other venues take notice and get people from

Vancouver to see what's happening in the land of Trans Ams and strip malls.

For Java Joint promoter Dave Crusty, the 'burbs have always been a hotbed for angry teens tired of the formulaic, trendy excuses for music currently being pimped. Thanks to consistency, hard work, and a little bit of luck, Dave and the rest of the gang have made it possible for these kids to tear it up to the sounds of new local bands and national touring acts eager to please the musically starved. Bands that have graced the stage in recent memory include hardcore faves **Good Clean Fun** from DC, Winnipeg emo wunderkinds **The Weakerthans**, rock 'n' roll stars **The Murder City Devils**, as well as local draws from **Burden**, **The Red Light Sting**, **The**

by Bryce Dunn

photos by Eric Flexyourhead

Check Magnets, and countless others.

Being out in Surrey, getting the word out to the public about shows like these, is harder than it looks. Dave enlists the help of the punks who attend the shows to promote, poster, and block traffic. For their continued efforts, many of those who help get in to shows free of charge. For the rest of you, cover rarely exceeds six dollars, but exceptions are made for those bands who have a considerably larger audience. (I have yet to see the cover go higher than eight bucks!)

Keeping costs down is something that Dave is fighting for because from a purely selfish standpoint he would like to see more people have the opportunity to witness the great bands that the Lower Mainland has to offer.

However, this doesn't come without its pitfalls. There are still rents to be paid, soundmen to be paid, bands to be paid, and, when attendance is as low as the door cover, naturally Dave and the Java Joint start to worry. Not so long ago, a couple of benefit shows were organized on the venue's behalf to ensure that this promising hangout wouldn't die a premature death. And, lucky for us, it didn't. Kids can be just as apathetic as we aging scenesters, and bands tend to get overlooked and under-appreciated because of fads and trends in music that come and go faster than I can say "postpunkdark wavenoise." And then there's the location. Sure, travelling out to Mulletville on a Saturday night may not be your cup o' tea, but you just never know who you're gonna miss if you don't give it a chance.

So how do you go about putting on shows in your own backyard (figuratively speaking of course)? Network. Network. Network. Dave has done his homework, and not only does he organize shows, he actually goes to shows and plays them himself. It pays to shop (yourself) around. Can't find a place to throw your hootenanny? Besides calling the Java Joint (which, by the way, has a very open-door policy regarding what genre of music your band can or can't play—from hardcore to twee-pop), try some unconventional places like warehouses (where a group known as the Direct Action Network stages some of their throw-downs), laundromats, house, church or office basements (a successful venture as long as you know who to rub the right shoulders with), but do as much research as you can before spending money where it might not be needed. Until then, check out your friends at the Java Joint. Support the scene. Blah blah blah—you get the point. For more info on booking, upcoming events and scenester gossip, call 588-JAVA. •

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beatsstreet



photos and article by val cormier



oktoberfest



in september



or why do i have to leave the city to party?

I'm sorry to have to break the news to y'all, but our city has become lame. Does anyone else miss the days when Vancouver was host to fun, party-in-the-street events like Greek Day on West Broadway and the sand castle competitions in White Rock? These days, squeezing several hundred thousand [dry] people in and out of the West End for a half hour's worth of fireworks and drinking overpriced brews in a roped-off area at Indy passes as entertainment. Bleah. Maybe it's a remnant of gal pal party days in Castlegar, but sometimes I just feel the need to get out Dodge and cut loose. Though my travel companion had to jam last minute, I set my sights and cruise control toward one of my fave West Coast cities, Portland.

Ah, the lure of the road: car-corked with road tapes... cool breeze blowing through an open window... 45 minute wait at the border... and being picked by a computer at Peace Arch for a car search. Damn! Whatever happened to racial profiling? Many long minutes later I was free and flying down the I-5, feeling 10 years older and thankful my suitcase hadn't been searched.

Over hill and dale, through farming country, stuck in the Seattle I-5 parking lot, past the dreary Seatco-Olympia strip, the scary nuclear plant near the Oregon border, and on to Portland. For those who have never visited the Rose City, think what Vancouver would look like if they'd planned for transit and driving needs 20 years ago. Imagine a city half the size of Seattle, more livable and easier to get around. Imagine a thriving pub and bar scene. No sales tax, which takes some sting out of the exchange rate. Think microbrew capital of North America (American hyperbole, no doubt, but I believe them.)

Uncle Otto's Oktoberfest was held September 15-17 on the site of a cottage brewery in an industrial area of NW Portland. Easy to find, lots of parking, reasonably-priced (and tasty) beer, cheap admission, families mingling with folks freely wandering and carrying alcoholic beverages. I can just see the BC liquor control board guys clutching their chests in horror. They should really do a road trip there to see with their own eyes that letting the beer garden ropes down does not lead to the revival of Sodom and Gomorrah. And yes, there is an Uncle Otto, a nattily-dressed bonhomme of German extraction who's a friend of the brewery owner.

After arriving on site I quickly surveyed the scene and found all as it was last year: Hot sunny weather—check. Oktoberfest mainstage—check. Club Rocktoberfest—check. Kids' area—check. Portapotties—check. Air conditioned brewery restaurant and real potties—double check. I was just in time to catch the last bit of **Herb Raskie's Edelweiss Band** (this event's token nod to oompah) and a bit of Portland band **Big Time Rosie** (nice tonguey pop before **Those Darn Accordions** hit the big tent. This group started out 10 years ago in San Francisco as a 17-piece accordion band teetering on that performance art edge. I saw them last year as an act, though they were fun, but they pushed my cheez tolerance meter, which only goes as high as a box of KO. This year, however, they were leaner, [down to just taking themselves too seriously], meaner, more like a band than a performance troupe. But still not liking themselves too seriously. Thankfully they'd also brought along their ace in the hole, 85 year old **Clyde Forsman**.

I wandered over to see one of those bands that looks better on paper than up close, **Roger Clyne and the Peacemakers**. Arizona boys, a lot of "sex" mentioned in the program notes—possibly not a good sign—ex-Refreshtments, ex-Gin Blossoms. Like I said, looked better on paper.

Back to mainstage for the headline, **The Texas Playboys**. Yeah, the original Texas Playboys who played with the late **Bob Wills**, king of Texas swing. Much as I love Ray Condo and his efforts to keep that sound alive, I really wish his band and his fans could've been there to see how it's supposed to be done. Considering four of the Texas Playboys have had open-heart surgery in recent years, they swung pretty fuckin' hard. Drew an interesting crowd, too, including the mo-and-pas in starched white cowboy shirts and ironed jeans, and the hip alt-country slackers. The lure of being fed and watered on someone else's coin was too strong, however, so I missed seeing the McKinney sisters, who'd sung with Bob Wills back in the '40s.

Saturday was another sunny day, and I was up early enough to take in my favourite Portland institutions, Powell Books and the Saturday Market, and a big lunch with nothing German in it [shew] before heading back to see **Polkacide's** afternoon set.

Another whacked-out band from San Fran, but unlike Those Darn Accordions, who play more in other US cities than in "The City" [SF], these guys rarely leave their hometown. I'd like to see those guys attempt the border crossing: a crazed and shirtless lead singer in gold lamé leidenhosen, large bald clarinet player with studs screwed in his scalp, an almost equally large shaggy bearded bass player. Their repertoire is mostly polkas we all know and love from Polish weddings but with a punk sensibility. Loose, sloppy, fun, and way too fast to dance to. Believe me, we tried!

Nothing makes one more thirsty than **hardcore polka**, so while we guzzled some Hefeweizen and Marzen we checked out **Samsonite and Delight-Ya**, a Portland accordion duo. Definitely exceeded my cheez quota, possibly due to the astounding number of hat changes during their set. Those Darn Accordions' afternoon set was cool, but they were clearly saving themselves for their headlining set. The crowd was large and digging it but standing well back from the stage—accordionphobia, perhaps? Once Clyde slid into "Do Ya Think I'm Sexy?", however, the roof nearly blew off the tent.

The brewery grounds really filled up by late afternoon. **The Derailers**, an Austin roots band, were to headline the Rocktoberfest stage, so a lot of slicked-back college types started wandering in, along with those who'd heard the buzz about ole' Clyde. In that huge crowd I was amazed to run into some Portland friends who weren't sure if they'd show, so it was nice to have some new drinking buddies. Caught the end of Polkacide's second set, and I was pleased to hear their rude little ditty "Wiener Dog Polka," which had been politely omitted from the afternoon "family" gig.

Turns out a couple of the Derailers are Oregon boys, so it was a homecoming of sorts for these guys. I'd never seen them live and was expecting more alt-than-country, which seems to be an Austin thing, but indeed they were a flat out honkytonk band. And they covered "Act Naturally" and "Folsom Prison Blues," which warmed the cockles of my small-town raised-on-'70s-AM-radio heart.

Those Darn Accordions were fabu. Less talk, more rock, a wild 'n' wooly set. The gals were gussied up in their glitter and polka dots, and there was a whole lotta squeezin' goin' on! Mercy. "Mothra" was a killer surf-rock number, and there were songs about Loch Ness, walls of gum, and hippies—fitting in Portland, heart o' Deadhead country, and an occasional polka. Lots of pistotakes on classic rock like "We're An American Band," "Baba O'Riley," "Low Rider," and a wicked Zap medley. Amazing what sounds can come out of a squeezebox with the help of effects pedals. But nothing could top Clyde and his bare-tattooed-chest rendition of Jimi Hendrix's "Fire." Man, he just owned that place and seemed overwhelmed by the ear-splitting crowd response.

Festivities continued into wee hours in the taproom of the brewery, where we also test-drove some single malt whiskey that's not yet on the market. Sweet! But an open bar with abnoxious beer reps away from home turned out to be an evil combo. Thank gawd there were musicians to hang with to help counter that. How's that for irony?

Sunday was a nice quiet hangin' with my friends day, lazy lunch and driving around (and around) Mt. Washington in a really old Buick with a fully functioning 8-track player. On the drive north I couldn't help thinking why the hell this province, with its awesome microbreweries and musicians, can't throw together something like Uncle Otto's. Or at least an Oktoberfest with an inspired music lineup, instead of background oompah noise. Well, the short answer is that the braintrust running this province wouldn't know a good time if it bit 'em in the butt. And we keep voting them back in. Until that changes, my pals and I will keep leaving town in search of a good time. •



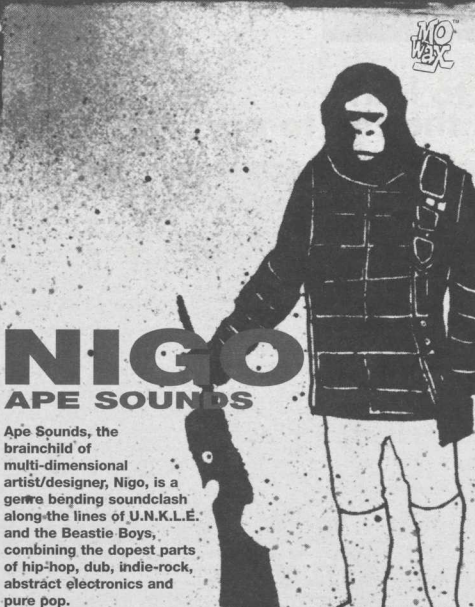
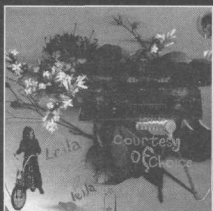
Leila Courtesy of Choice

Courtesy of Choice is the debut XL Recordings release from avant-jazz electro voyager, and former Bjork collaborator, **Leila**.

"Leila in many ways, is electronic music's Courtney Love. She is loud, political, passionate, anarchic, antagonistic, intellectual, belligerent, contrary, hilarious, idealistic, wise, and analytical to the point of bendy-brained delirium."

- the Face

Available Now.



Ape Sounds, the brainchild of multi-dimensional artist/designer, **Nigo**, is a genre bending soundclash along the lines of U.N.K.L.E. and the Beastie Boys, combining the dopest parts of hip-hop, dub, indie-rock, abstract electronics and pure pop.

This 11-track album features guest appearances from Money Mark, Grand Royal's Ben Lee, Cornelius, Kúdo and Toshio Nakanishi (Major Force West), as well as Mo' Wax-label chief James Lavelle.

Available Now.

CONSOLE'S

Cradled in the idyllic, mountainous setting of beautiful Bavaria, Martin Gretschmann of Console turns knobs, tweaks levels, and plunks keyboards, managing to create something familiarly organic. Martin was in New York when I spoke to him over the phone. He had just won Best Radio Play from Radio Deutsche Welle, and the prize is what brought him to the "Big Apple." Martin has the kindest voice. He comes across as a wide-eyed innocent, sincere and refreshingly uncorrupted. Console is Martin's newest hobby when he is not programming for the Nowtist. *Rocket in the Pocket* made its way to our shores via the trained ears at Matador records and can be found on many college radio charts all over North America.

The album's standout single, "14 Zero Zero" ("A love song from a computer to its programmer"), would have been a hands-down dance floor hit in 1985. I should know 'cause I was one of the DJs spinning that sort of thing back in the day. The song recalls the Trans-X underground dance single "Living on Video," but not in a copycat kind of way. Before I can bring up this fact, Martin refers to it as a possible influence.

ended up getting thrown out for being a slouch. Eventually, he found himself in a hardcore band named Toxic, releasing a 12" single in 1994 and a full-length in '97 on the Kallaps label. As with many of us, life's annoying little responsibilities got in the way here and there. Germany evidently has one of those goddamn compulsory service-of-your-country things. He avoided military life to work with special-needs children. What a guy! This work allowed him to save some cash and buy electronic equipment which started his venture into his current field. He then tried some University studies but failed to continue to play music. "How much time do you spend on these songs?" I ask.

"A week, usually." He gets the idea, then starts to collect samples, sometimes using leftovers from certain sounds the Nowtist left out. Getting bands in studio to play for original samples, similar to Solex, whom he knows from touring with the Nowtist on their first German tour. "I'm doing electronic music because I can't do any other music by myself. I can play bass because I played in a band. The only way [to make my own music] was working with electronics."

Martin Gretschmann

"That's funny. Some people say that [it reminds them of Trans-X]. I was so amazed," he says, mentioning that he recorded the song off the radio in the '80s and rediscovered it only three years ago. "Nobody would play that anymore today because somehow it's a really freaky song. It's got really really really freaky sounds, and now they only play really shit things. Maybe I got inspired from that song. I don't know."

Martin grew up listening to the radio in Bavaria and picked up a few influences over the airwaves. Germany's primitive art-wavers Trio were one of them. "They were real nonsense. Germans like nonsense somehow. I don't know why, maybe because it's so simple." To my question of why he thinks Trio's "Da Da Da" was such an international hit, he responds, "They just didn't give a shit. The drummer [during one performance] suddenly stopped to have a drink in mid-song. They just had fun with it." He remembers another song, something like "Radio Killed The Weedie Star?" "Oh, 'Video Killed The Radio Star.'" "Yes!"

But Martin doesn't spend all his time delving into the past. I asked him about the CDs he had his eye on as a next purchase, and he said he was looking forward to hearing the new Elliott Smith, Belle and Sebastian, and Sonic Youth. He even played one of his current favorites over the phone to me. Someone named Stina Nordenstam. "She's a singer, I think Scandinavian; Sweden or Norway. She's really fantastic!" I had to agree.

So Mr. Gretschmann is a fan of a wide variety of swell music. As a 16 year old he picked up a bass guitar to join a punk band with some neighbour friends, but he

"Can you describe your music to the people who will be reading this?"

"I usually say that it's just electronic pop music, in a way, but also post-pop, just because I really hate the post-rock word so much."

The majority of *Rocket in the Pocket* sounds virtually nothing similar to "14 Zero Zero," but instead of the rest of the album being used as a pale backdrop for the stand-out single [something we're all too used to], the other compositions are each creative pieces of modern electronic. Thankfully he avoids these damn long digital loops which litter up so much of the music these days. The bleed-in' things never end, eh? Actually I like a certain amount of that sort of thing, but you know, Martin never slips into the vapid "dance" genre either. Although there are plenty of danceable ditties on *Rocket*, you just won't see dumb-ass spring-breakers gyrating to them on MTV. Sort of a thinking person's electronics—to be put in your 5-disc shuffle with The Wisdom of Harry, Plone, Boards of Canada, and 2 Lone Swordsman... perhaps. •

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The Murder City Devils

Interview by Mike Miner

Photo by E. Stanley

Somewhere, right now, the Murder City Devils are on the move. For these Seattle thugs, two nights in Vancouver to play the friendly confines of the Brickyard is practically a vacation. Since forming out of various Seattle-area bands, the group has moved up from Sub Pop imprint Die Young Stay Pretty to the greener pastures of the main label, but hasn't given the grass a chance to grow beneath their feet.

Nate Manny, the 27-year-old guitarist and former tattoo artist, says touring has taken over their lives. Back stage in the green room, the band members sit around thumbing drinks, seeming dozed, almost completely unable to talk about their band.

"We've been around for about four years, and we've been pretty much touring the whole time," he says. "Every time it seems like things are winding down, we get another phone call with a few more dates, and we're back on the treadmill."

Maybe it's the strain of the road that caused the band to decorate their latest offering, *In Name and Blood*, with photos of slaughtered band members vivid enough to make Jeffrey Dahmer puke. But probably it's the same sense of showmanship that has them pound an audience into submission with their wall of noise and wake them up by setting instruments on fire.

Of course, there are quieter moments. The afternoon before their second show was spent catching a matinee of *Bring It On*, Kirsten Dunst's cheer-leading opus. It was, according to lead-singer Spencer Moody, whose speaking voice is damn near what compared to his stage shriek, "Perhaps the single finest movie ever set to film." The day before, the world's longest undefended border had thrown a kink in the relaxation. The band had been delayed for hours in a lineup, and one of the opening acts, the Briefs, was denied access to the True North, Strong and Free because of a felony charge against one of the enterprisers.

"That border is the biggest hassle," says Spencer, serenely enjoying one of the evening's many beers. "We never get that kind of trouble anywhere else. In Italy, when they searched us with dogs it wasn't as big a hassle. And they found the drugs."

"Yeah, they just took a few of our T-shirts and waved us through," adds Nate. "It's gotten to the point where it's just what we do. We're a band and we tour. We try not to think about it too much."

Better times and a bigger label

have improved the band's lot and seen them rising out of their van and into hotels. Gaining a reputation as a live act with a loyal following, and earning critical attention for their no-frills rock, the band has achieved some real growth. Also, the constant proximity and their penchant for booze has led to a

Derek: That's what I want to know. How was his grammar? Was it like: 'I'm not a freak, comma, I'll fuck your dog? Or what?'

Dann is even more impressed to find out that Nate was invited to the singer's funeral. The invitation, is now in the possession of Gabe, the hulking

lot of the band-members' anecdotes begin the same way.

"One time I was really really drunk," Nate begins, "and we'd just played in Boston. The club we played was right across the street from Fenway Park, and I decided that I was going to climb into Fenway and slide into home

isolated incident. Drinking before the show, Nate says, is the rule. "Before, during, and after," he says. "We usually start drinking as soon as we show up for the show. If we're running late, we'll start in the van."

Nate says the only savor of Jack Daniels often flavors the live show. "Sometimes somebody will be too drunk to play, and that will result in a lot of fumbling around and sloppy playing," he says. "But sometimes it seems like if Spencer throws up or passes out before we play, it will be a better show for him. With me or Derek or Coady, it will be a sloppy thing where we can barely do what we physically have to just to get through a show, but it doesn't happen that often."

Nate gets up to make himself another Wild Turkey and Cake and, upon returning, elaborates. "I wouldn't be so bold as to say we're responsible drinkers, but we know how to drink in the context of our band to be able to do what we have to do," he says. "Except occasionally when I get out of hand."

Friends drift in and out from the bar and the conversation meanders widely. After a few abortive attempts to try and define the band's style and sound, trying to say interview-type things and offer an astounding display of knowledge on all things music, Nate's discourse drifts from Wild Turkey to wild chickens. It's easier than listing driving guitar riffs, a pounding rhythm section, spooky organ, and scream-and-howl vocals to make up things about animals.

"I'm known as the Don King of the Seattle couch fighting scene," Nate admits. The rest of the band is quick to join in. "I taught him all the tricks," Spencer says, proudly, "but it reaches the point where the student surpasses the master."

Leslie Hady, who plays Farfisa organ, insists that her Conan will take down anything Nate puts up, anytime. "I feed 'em gun powder and keep 'em crazy," Nate says. "They're hot cocks ready to kill one another." "Is there anything more beautiful than making a buck off mother nature?" asks the drummer, Coady Willis.

This thought is left as the band stirs and prepares to take the stage for their second night in front of a packed house. Nate makes one last attempt to articulate what it is to see the Murder City Devils perform. "It's going to be loud, and you might see somebody throw up," he says. "We try to make it as fun as possible." •

"That's what I want to know. How was GG's grammar? Was it like: 'I'm not a freak, comma, I'll fuck your dog? Or what?'"



nearby total intimacy. It has reached a point where the band members are stunned to learn anything new about one another.

At one point, while the conversation wanders aimlessly, Nate lets slip that he corresponded with the late GG Allin while the punk mangle was serving time in prison. Dann Gallucci, the guitarist, is shocked.

Derek: I can't believe, after all that time touring, that I never knew about that.

Nate: Yeah, me and my brother sent him letters. He always responded.

Derek: What were the letters like? What would GG Allin have to say?

Spencer: The classic was, in concert, out of nowhere, he yells at somebody in the audience, "I'm not a freak I'LL FUCK YOUR DOG!"

rookie and driver, who occasionally has to cart downed musicians off stage. Coady, says Nate, is a prolific collector of things.

"He never throws anything out," he says. "He may not know where it is, but it's in a pile somewhere. It's amazing the things he has lying around. Honestly, he ordered a set of 18 blades and broadswords off the Home Shopping Network the other day."

Another of Gabe's accomplishments is having once drunk Dennis Rodman, the Queen of professional basketball, under the table. Drinking is one of the things that the Murder City Devils do best. "We often drink a lot more than we should," Nate admits. "It's a reputation I'd say we've earned, unfortunately. It's led to some fun times and some bad mistakes. People get hurt and feeling bad a lot of the time." As a result, a

plate. Well, Fenway is a baseball stadium that is pretty famous for its really tall walls. I had Gabe give me a boost. This is where the drinking ties in, we're able to convince each other that things are good ideas. So I had people helping me do this. I climbed up on a wall, on top of a garage door that was big enough for semitrucks standing on a brick ledge about three-inches deep. And I just fell backwards off of it, and on the way down I kicked Gabe in the face and the balls. I landed on the sidewalk and split my elbow open. The gash was about three or four inches. It was a really really bad idea.

"I fell asleep in the van and my arm kind of welded itself to the vinyl seat. But I didn't need stitches or anything, so it wasn't that bad."

Although the Fenway incident isn't typical Murder City mayhem, it's not an

BY ERIC FLEXYOURHEAD

Welly: Four Letter Word is a kinda tuneful, but very political hardcore punk band out of Wales, UK. We formed in the summer of 1991 and have been going ever since, ploughing through as many members as a suicide terrorist splinter faction. We put out our first 7" EP in 1995 and signed to BYO Records in Los Angeles in 1997, with whom we put out two albums: *A Nasty Piece of Work* and *Zero Visibility*, and a 7", *Do You Feel Lucky, Punk?*

I think there's always been bands in Wales, it just seems tougher for us to get off the ground than the English bands, with what the geography and the prejudices that used to be there back then. If anything, the fact that sometimes it seems hopeless sometimes spurs you on. On the other hand, there were times in the past when we felt like giving up. Like just before we got the chance to do a 7" in '75, we were thinking of packing it in because we couldn't get any gigs, and we couldn't get record out, and you can't get one without the other. And if you're thinking 'I'm crying, but then, just think—you've got some North American band acts to record with within 18 months of average.

hard, things have gone good for UK bands recently, although it's still just as hard to get gigs and split. I think there are and have been some really talented bands in the UK scene, but British people are their own worst enemy. Economically UK bands don't do well, don't sell enough records and don't get elevated to the stature enjoyed by the more veteran bands, who came from a time when things were the opposite and they had no choice but to make it or starve. There are great bands (until about the late '90s). There are a huge amount of great bands that we didn't insight into the UK scene then check out the *Greetings From The Welfare State* sampler CD on BYO Records that I put together for them. It's a big-price/poor life with loads of music... I definitely recommend it! It's got stuff like *The Breeze*, *Black Sheep*, *Black Sheep*, *Black Sheep*, *Sixteen*, *Newtown Gruns*, *Four Letter Word*, *Turkleshore*, *Ease 90*, *Leafcutter*, *Snuff*, *Inbalance*, *Citizen Fish*, *Panic*, *The Tone*, *Joe*, *Airband*, *Southpaw*, and *Grover*. Here are a few others you should be aware of: *Mind Your Viceroy*, *Anipaliss*, and literally hundreds of others.

Well that's where you'd be wrong! Thanks a lot! Jon was always the oldest guy. We did have a short period when we had some little kids in the band, but we sorted that out 'cuz the commitment level just wasn't there. I'm 31, drummer Wedge is 35, Tom the bassist is 28, and our new secret guitarist is 27—so I wouldn't say that's really the case anymore. I think the age thing is irrelevant. We've had 18 year olds who have had about as much energy as stoned sloths, and 35 year olds with the enthusiasm of teenagers. It all depends on the person and how much they're into being in a punk rock band.

Well I got seriously into the hardcore punk scene in about '83-'84, so I

As for the big pop-punk bands getting famous: it's a necessary evil, I guess. Bands like Offspring and Blink 182 are sacrificial lambs that we discard in order to get new, young people into hardcore punk. I think that's fine. It's a shame that they have to be introduced to it by such shit, but then again, I'd rather lose a shit band than a good one to the seven-headed whore of mass-marketed-multinational-global entertainment.

As a whole it can change things. Just look at the demonstrations in Seattle, DC, London, and Switzerland over the last year. Punk rock can't take all the credit, but a lot of this attitude coming through now is thanks in part to the political ideas, activism, and propaganda of the international hardcore scene. I was also surprised recently, in regards to all our shows, that many people have come out in support for our cause. I did a small UK tour a year ago, and I was surprised that in all the donations, we had other bands go without pay to see we could have all the money [in Southampton, they turned our gig into an all-dayer with about a dozen bands, all of whom went without for us]. A Southampton 'zine, *Suspect Device*, put out a special benefit issue for us, and loads of people have bought our records sheerly for the fact of helping us out. This whole thing has really made me realize that people out there do care about what we're doing, and that's the way we can keep going out. That shows to me that a lot of people in the punk scene still believe in the capability for change, and therefore change is possible.

Well, you're also not just involved with the scene through Four Letter Word—you've also got your fanzine, *Artcore*. I started *Artcore* when I was still in school back in January, 1986. I started out as a total mess copied on the school copier. But it progressed with me right through art college where I studied Graphics up to the present day. Whenever I'm not working on other projects I totally immerse myself in making a new issue—it's great. The next issue will be the 15th anniversary and should be out by the new year, but I've still got the current issue available, issue #14, which has got The 'Tone, Brezhnev, Grand Theft Audio, a photo/report on the anti-Capitalist demonstrations, and the 'Vaulage' section has Code of Honor, Flipper, and a BYO Records discography. There's all the usual rantin', ravin', and reviews too. All this is in a goodlooking 40 printed pages for \$4.00 post paid worldwide—plva_plva_plva.

Four Letter Word are one of the few UK punk bands that have made it to North America. It's been two years now since that visit. Do you plan to make it back again? Any comments or impressions on your North American tour? We'd love to come and tour over there again! We've tried a few times to set something up, but what with bad luck and flakes, things have always fallen through. So if there's any people or bands out there who would be so kind as to help out, we'd totally appreciate it. I will be

As for impressions—well, it's a big place, so you get a whole cross-section of feelings, attitudes, and memories. There's a lot of US culture that we, as Brits, just couldn't get used to, but then there's other things that are great. Canada was such a great place with great people, but it was impossible to find veggie food on the road, so we starved a lot of the time when driving in Canada. On the whole, the big West Coast cities aren't really interesting in hearing bands like ours. They've heard it all before. So playing cities like San Francisco was pretty pointless for us. Whereas playing towns in the middle of nowhere was generally great because people aren't spoiled and actually appreciate the fact that you're bringing them something out of their little flow around the world, and that does take 10 hours to jump around and scream your guts out for \$50 (including petrol). That's one reason why I always claps to bands, wherever they are. People aren't used to it, they're too busy trying to be cool and "make the scene."

Four Letter Word seem to be going through a period of adversity right now. There's a lot up with the band right now, a lot of changes. Fill us in!

It all started going wrong in the summer of '99, when our bassist and drummer simultaneously quit over a pathetic argument. This left us reeling for six months because it's very difficult finding people in this part of the world. We got some new people to be quickly met by the news that a company out of Minnesota had trademarked our name for a boy band they were putting together. They filed to use B10 Records for the trademark. We were dropped from the label and by doing so forfeited the rights to sell anything ever again in the US. Then we discovered that they had applied for a UK trademark. So we decided to fight it. We did the tour I talked about and raised some cash. I've talked to lawyers (£200 an hour—that's \$400 in Canadian, \$300 US), and we are in the process of sorting this out. We may lose the name, and we know, I just can't believe that after using it, and by the way, for five years, they have no money to sue us, and they keep you in a state of existence for a corporation that will probably fail anyway. So we would have been destroyed for nothing, that's a double whammy.

Anyway, this side... we were playing with the new line-up, things were looking good. We were the best live we ever had been, and everyone was getting along. Then Jon, our guitarist and only other original apart from me, decided to leave. He had a lot of MAJOR personal problems, so he decided he couldn't mess us around any longer after trying to blow off gigs, which is NOT good. So now he's gone, and we're about to start off with a new guy. Did I mention that we actually have a "curse"?

What can we expect from Four Letter Word in the near, or distant, future?

Well I've already talked to some good labels. We've got one of the best UK underground Hardcore labels interested in doing something with us after all this legal crap. And we're also talking to J.S.N.T.G.M. Records about re-releasing our debut 7" EP from 1995 on CD with the rest of the tracks from the session and some unreleased stuff too. Obviously, everything hinges on what goes down with the boy band. Only time will tell. Oh, and we HOPE to get back to North America in the summer of 2001—any volunteers?

How is it juggling a band, a fanzine, and a family?

I'm lucky to have a girlfriend who puts up with my shit, doesn't mind me disappearing on her, and understands all the various crap that comes from doing punk shit when you should have really grown up by now—ha ha!

The involvement of major labels in punk rock seems to be pretty much over (until someone else comes along and makes it big again). Pretty much every band signed in the post-Green Day/Offspring feeding frenzy has been unceremoniously dumped by the majors. Comments?

Don't think that you can be seriously surprised by that outcome can they? If you put your head in the lion's mouth, then the chances are it'll get bitten off. Like I said, sell-outs have their purpose; they get no people interested. But after that, they're just another product of the machine. They allow themselves to be manipulated and eventually turn into caricatures of themselves because they have to utilize gimmicks to shift units. I find it kind of sad that bands still haven't learnt and still insist that THEY'LL be the first punk band to a) reach a wider audience, b) achieve global fame WITHOUT selling out or c) actually succeed. To me, it's like the first time someone tries heroin. They know the effect and the probable long-term outcome, so why do they do it? The only conclusion I can come to is that they must be either stupid, greedy, or both.

Anything that you'd like to add?
 Thanks a lot for the interview and the thought provoking questions (it makes a change)! If anyone wants to help us out in our struggle against "the man" then please get in touch about buying one of our CDs or something. You have to buy 'em from us though, cuz it's the only way we'll see the money, and they're ridiculously cheap! You can get in touch at any of the following addresses. Thanks for your time and interest. Punk Rock!
 Cheers, WELLY! •

Contact Four Letter Word: c/o 1 Aberdulais Road, Gabalfa, Cardiff
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PRINCESS SUPERSTAR

by Hancunt photo by Joshua Jordan

I assume I'm speaking to Princess Superstar's cell, as her voice keeps cutting in and out. "I'll call you back..." she draws in her Valley Girl-meets-indie-rock-pothole voice. And she does, right away. I suspect that her employer, the New York Women's Financial Association or something, whose website she maintains, is paying for this call. Nice I am an unabashed fan of Princess Superstar, the creation of Concetto Kirschner, who writes, produces, performs much of the instrumentation, sings, and rhymes on her recent release *Last of the Great 20th Century Composers*, a kick-ass electro hip hop album which is more fun than the shower nozzle, let me tell you. While this latest release (the second on her own label The Corrupt Conglomerate) is way more slick and danceable than her first two releases, Concetto still has a severe indie ethic built into each of her albums which provides for some of the most brilliant and hilarious commentary on the exsanguinary tactics of the mainstream entertainment industry. For example, "Stuck in a 401K Hole" from her second album *C.E.O.* is a brilliant pastiche of answering machine messages left by record executives—including a sucky A&P person with a New York accent who is thrilled to propose that Princess do a duet with Barzel Adams. The whole collage of real and staged messages is set to old-school circus music.

"Stuck in a 401K Hole" has its sequel in the track "I Hope I Sell A Lot of Records at Christmas" from *Last of the Great 20th Century Composers*. The lyrics are simultaneously scathing and self-effacing: "I'm too poor to afford life-size cut out cardboard of me poured into a size 4/with a floppy Santa hat/On the record store floor/Need ace product placement/Listening station so while on I'm vacation I got my face/On Raisin Bran record the nation... Call me flash in the pan, the blonde chick who thought she could rhyme/Please, just let me sell a lot of records at Christmasme."

Ms. Superstar has generated a few comparisons with the Beatles, not so much for her flow or Anglo-Jewish genes, but for her nifty lyrical pop culture references and NYC/punk/indie scene influences and aesthetics. The 28-year-old's first recording was a home-baited *Mitch Better Have My Bunny*. She sold the cassette to friends and sent it off to some music journals, resulting in a glowing review in CMJ and a bit of label interest. She picked the short-lived Canon (yeah) imprint 5th Beetle Records and released her first full-length *Sticky Platinum*—a superb collage of samples, live instruments, humour and sexy fun—in 1995.

Princess is so righteous that she's the founder of her own musical genre: Flip-Flop! "It was a friend of mine, who was like 'you don't actually fit into a genre, you need something else to call your music.' So we brainstormed, and he came up with Flip-Flop, and I really loved that because it embodied hip hop but also described swimming around and jumping around in different genres, which is really what I do. For me it's all music. People feel the need to categorize you, put you in a box and say 'You're this way.' But I just love to do music; I'm a huge fan of so many kinds of music, so I had

to create a new genre for myself as I didn't fit into any existing genres. Right now I'm writing a song called 'Bad Babysitter,' and it's all about how, like, when you used to babysit, all the bad shit you used to do. Like invite your boyfriend over, and eat all their food, and put the kid to bed at, like, seven, so you could hang out."

I asked her what the impetus was for releasing her second album, 1997's *C.E.O.*, on her own: "Fifth Beetle was great, and the guy who ran it

mouth is 'Too many bitches and not enough time.' The use of the word 'bitches' pushes my buttons, so I wanted to bring this up with Superstar. I went about it by saying: 'That's really pushing it, especially because you do have, whether you define it this way or not, a 'feminist' attitude or ethic. Were you conscious of taking the risk with this song and having that perceived element of misogyny?' She replied: 'I realize that that is totally pushing the envelope, at the same time, I don't really find it

ly, as Princess explained: "That's pretty much a scam that he tells all the ladies, 'Hey do you want to pose for my album cover in a thing,' you know." How does he do that with a straight face, I wondered. "He's Kool Keith, he doesn't even have a straight face." The intro to "Kool Keith's Ass" is a recorded conversation wherein Princess is explaining to Kool Keith why she wants his ass on her cover: "I think we need to break through the ass boundary. I'm celebrating the ass." Lines like those are pure Princess. Humour is

the most defining aspect of her work: "In general I like to live my life with a lot of humour, and that comes through with my humour, and I feel that you can reach more people through humour than by being preachy or sappy." The fact of the matter is that I am a white girl doing hip hop, and that in itself is inherently cheesy. I have to fight it somehow." She does admit to occasionally making music that is sappy and cheesy. "I do, I mean not necessarily, but you listen to 'My Life,' that's more vulnerable and not necessarily so funny, you know?"

I had read some statements from the Princess, saying that she didn't think women needed to produce and participate in women-focused or women-only shows, and I asked her if she thought that men were ready to embrace and work with women, or whether or not shit like Lilith Fair [pukes] is still necessary in order to ensure that women musicians have viable ways to perform live. Princess said, "Well, you know, it always gets better, but there is still a long way to go, not in music but on Wall Street," adding that "Women are still secondary, still make less

money, all that stuff. I think that women have to grab power, create power, more women should start their own record label and do whatever." I pointed out that there aren't any women on her recent album, and asked her if it was hard to find women to work with. She replied with dry regret: "There's a shortage, especially in hip hop." With regards to who she would like to tour with or share a stage with, she replied: "I like to keep it in the family. Some of the people I've been playing with are really cool, like Sinista and Anti-Pop Consortium. I'd like to stay with people like that, I'd love to go on tour with Kool Keith or Bahamadia, anybody that is also pushing the envelope musically. To me, being on stage makes me the happiest. And it's so funny and sweet when people ask me for my autograph, it feels so funny to me. I mean, here I am getting interviewed, but I'm sitting at the desk of my day job. I love tour, but I like to have fun on stage, and I sort of come from more of the punk rock ethic, well not really, but I'm into showmanship. What really bores me about live hip hop shows is when people come out like 'Yo, put your hands up, put your hands up, where are my ladies at. Give me love.' And it's like, shut up, don't make the audience 'give you love,' give them something good or funny." •



was really supportive, and he put a lot of time and money into me. But then he didn't want to do a label anymore. And I was like, 'You know what? I can totally do this myself.' I wanted to be totally in control and have the power to release a record when I wanted to release it and promote it the way I want to promote it." She runs The Corrupt Conglomerate out of her home and on the sly during her day job, but it's not all perfect. I get the impression that the Princess wouldn't mind achieving mass international stardom and wealth as I hear her being interrupted during our conversation by someone in her vicinity, then dropping her voice and whispering "My god, I want to fucking kill my boss" under her breath.

Princess Superstar didn't consciously set out to make her third release a more hip hop flavoured album, that's just the way things progressed: "I hear her being interrupted during our conversation by someone in her vicinity, then dropping her voice and whispering 'My god, I want to fucking kill my boss' under her breath." Princess Superstar didn't consciously set out to make her third release a more hip hop flavoured album, that's just the way things progressed: "I hear her being interrupted during our conversation by someone in her vicinity, then dropping her voice and whispering 'My god, I want to fucking kill my boss' under her breath." Princess Superstar didn't consciously set out to make her third release a more hip hop flavoured album, that's just the way things progressed: "I hear her being interrupted during our conversation by someone in her vicinity, then dropping her voice and whispering 'My god, I want to fucking kill my boss' under her breath."

The first single, "Come into My Room," is raunchy and fun, but first thing out of Baron Ricks'

offensive, the word bitch now anyway has been totally reclaimed, so that it now represents a strong woman, in the way that Missy [Elliot] says that she's a bitch." The song ends up being ultimately sexy and not misogynist, but I was really taken aback by that "bitch" shit. Which is good—I want to be authentically challenged. I agree that words can be "reclaimed," or used in different contexts (as in Hancunt, duh); however, I'm pretty sure that Baron Ricks wasn't trying to uplift the female race with that line. "Also, I'm totally matching wits with him [in that song]." Princess reminds me.

I assumed that Princess had decided to make "Come Up to My Room" the first single off the album because it's the most commercial sounding. Baron Ricks' guest appearance and its sexual subtext must combine to make it the most conventionally appealing track. I was wrong: "It was the first track done, and I wanted to release something fast." The fact that she followed "Come up to My Room" with "Kool Keith's Ass" on the LP indicates to me that she was also conscious of the fact that some people may have mistook her for someone who is not simply sexy but sexist (thank you Spinal Tap). Princess remarked: "I think that the whole vibe of my record is a feminist one. I did all the writing, all the production. I play a lot of the instruments—guitar, drums, keyboard, everything."

And what is up with "Kool Keith's Ass?" (referred to on the album cover as an "epic"). You see, originally, Kool Keith asked Princess if he could put her ass on his album cover. But not real-

With a career in Jamaican music spanning over forty-four years, Byron Lee and the Dragonaires have been around since the inception of ska and are still going strong on an international level, playing their own flavour of Caribbean sounds. The root of reggae music, stemming from mento (Caribbean folk music), ska was an art form which was building up right around the time leading up to Jamaica's independence from Britain's colonial stronghold. When the country finally broke free in 1962, Jamaica's Minister of Culture, Edward Seaga, had suggested to Byron Lee that some action needed to be taken to nurture and guide the musicians of West Kingston, who were producing their own special blend of Jamaican music. Unfortunately, people who could afford to buy music were spending their money on American imports, paying no attention to virtually unknown local talent. Hope and sustenance were seen in the music, as a means to uplift the people. Today, Jamaica's greatest export and contribution to the world is reggae music. Reggae speaks to all people, from all walks of life and all backgrounds. Byron Lee has put a significant amount of effort into nurturing the sound of Jamaican music, helping to maintain a sense of quality and professionalism in the industry. I had the opportunity to have an in-depth discussion with the man himself while he was in town this past August.

DISORDER. What was it that motivated you to become involved in music?

I was speaking with someone yesterday who said that Trinidad played well against Canada and beat them, and I said to him, "Did you know that I played football [soccer], when I was in school in Jamaica for the school team?" I actually played on one of the Jamaica teams, and he couldn't believe it. In fact that's how we started. I started music when I was going to a co-ed school... a Roman Catholic School. Then I went to college and play football for St. George's College. Very popular sport in Jamaica. The most popular is football. I was the leading goal scorer for that year... scored about 12 goals. We used to celebrate our victories in the dressing room and play little guitars and all that. That's how this music started. The name Byron Lee & The Dragonaires came about because our mascot, our emblem was St. George slaying the dragon. So it has stuck with us for 44 years. However, it was the music that really gave me that dedicated feeling to get involved forever, because we saw in it something that was new at that time in Jamaica. We had a Jamaican band playing Jamaican music because all the other bands used to play different music... American music. We were the first band to really go up there and play Jamaican music that made it happen. That's how we started. Just the love for it and the fact that it was something NEW. It grew on me.

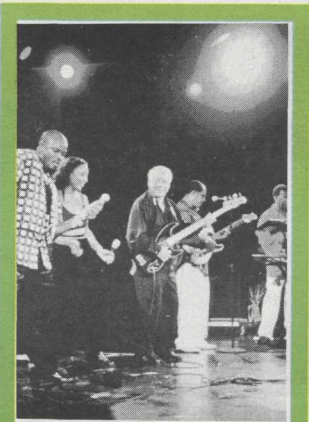
You've worked with just about everybody that's been involved in Reggae music and Caribbean music. Who stands out in your mind?

Well, let's go back to the time before Jamaica had a national sound, and dis is again NEW. Jamaica did not have Reggae when I started our music. We use to play other people's music. We used to play a "mento," which is a folk music. Harry Belafonte took that and brought out "Island in the Sun" and "The Banana Boat Song." We used to play calypso from Trinidad, as it was called then. In the '50s, the minister of Culture, Mr. Edward Seaga, who became Prime Minister, said that we need to have our own music to match with our own sovereignty, as Jamaica was now [gaining] its independence from Britain. It's the first English Caribbean country to have gotten independence as a former colony. It was Jamaica, then Trinidad the week after, and Barbados, et cetera. He said, "Go out there Byron Lee, and there's a music down in the poor section of Jamaica, West Kingston, called ska. I'd like you to go there and help them bring da music upturn because people who have da money to spend are spending it on foreign music and not on local productions." We went down there for six months and brought out ska. Out of that group came Jimmy Cliff, Prince Buster, Desmond Dekker, all those artists that were so popular in the beginning. We brought them into the forefront. They were there already, we did not originate that music, but we were able to help them promote that music and make it palatable to bring out to people upturn, mid-town, who could afford to support the show and buy the records. **Is that when you guys were playing as the Ska Kings?**

Yes, yes, yes. When ska started. During that era there was Jimmy Cliff... Bob Marley wasn't around then. Not even then.

Byron Lee: Intensified

So den after dat became rocksteady, and a lot of the American artists came down to record. One was Johnny Nash who did so much for rocksteady with "Hold Me Tight." Then [there was] our studio, which was one of the best studios in the Caribbean, Dynamic Sound Studios. We had Paul Simon who came in and did "Mother and Child Reunion" sounding like Jimmy Cliff. Den they filmed *The Harder They Come* with Jimmy Cliff. That went on. And den after that now we have reggae, where the great Bob Marley left us dat legacy. So basically, our numbers may be in excess of 50 to 60 acts that have gone through us or we



have gone with them. It's too numerous to mention. The head- liners are Jimmy Cliff, Desmond Dekker, Toots and the Maytals...

Patsy too?

Patsy, Stranger Cole, Patsy, Barry Biggs, Hopeton Lewis, Eric Donaldson, Tinga Stewart, Ken Lazarus, Keith Lynn, Vic Taylor, you could go on and on and on and on. In terms of da band, a hundred and twenty people have passed through the organization, through Byron Lee and The Dragonaires. One hundred and twenty musicians, acts and artists.

What motivated you to buy West Indies Records Limited in 1968 from Edward Seaga?

Music, I decided when I started, should be our profession. Not a moonlight job or a hobby. We felt that da entertainment industry in Jamaica lacked a professional attitude. It was like, "Let us do a ting man, like a little side, and we can come out and play a song and go back to work." When I went into it, I gave up my job, and ask all of my musicians to give up their jobs and promised dem that it would be better for dem. Many of them said I was crazy. One or two didn't come either. They sat on the sideline, and eventually we dropped them out. What happen was when we started, I figured that in music we have to do the whole thing in its extensions, which meant recordings, pressing, controlling

your records. We just felt that we had to control our own destiny. 'Cause nobody in Jamaica was doing it with dat in mind. So we started, we bought the studio. From den we went to Dynamic Sounds, den our publishing, and den the band was always running beside it. Dat's how it really work together. We invested everything we earned back into music.

That's very empowering for the people of Jamaica. Now let's center the issue of bringing Jamaican music to North America and the International market.

Do you feel that it's being exoticized by people, perpetuating stereotypes of tropical sunshine and large breasted women, while ignoring the social and political realities of the Caribbean?

In the beginning, what you are saying is true. It used to be thought of as the Caribbean with the moonlight island, sea, sand, sex. Dat was what was thought of in Jamaica. The tourists were beaming to that area because back den our local people were not really gratifying towards this complete entertainment turnaround. It was looked at and people would say, "Well it looks good but we still want to buy from foreign or import." Dat was da name of da game in anything. Clothes, shoes, music... local [products] were looked down upon.

It's still like that today?

Yes. So we've took that part out and we decided to say that local is better than foreign in Jamaica. In the early days I would say that it was looked upon as an exotic and luxury position. Now it has changed to be the exact opposite. Our music is part of our culture. We are now taking the music and I would say that we have gone one step further, and not only from Jamaica, from the Caribbean. This is another very important part that I am trying to get across to all of our interviewers now, dat da reason why we have been able to stay so long is not so much of the fact that our dedication, and the attitude of our work is professional. It is just that we are now representing da entire Caribbean. So when we travel like an ambassador for the Caribbean. We have 26 islands in the Caribbean. Not all English speaking, but 26, French, Dutch, et cetera. When we play, we recognize dat as part of our audience and we pay tribute to them. Like we did last night, we say, "Trinidad raise up hand, Guinea, St. Vincent, et cetera." Or what is it?

So what it has made us is that when they come to our party, and especially when living abroad, out of their Caribbean, they are still considered to be second class citizens. Because they were not born in North America. So they say that they are second class citizens by birth. When we come to town, and say you have a Jamaican or Trinidadian boyfriend or a husband. When you come to hear us, he is going to feel so proud that he's going to say to you, "This is my band coming from the Caribbean." Last night at the Commodore we would speak that language and send that message very strong to everyone that we are from the Caribbean. The guy from St. Kitts will say "Dat's my band," he won't say, "Oh well dat's a Jamaican band." We represent all the Caribbean islands with our culture music, and dat is what has really made us what we are today.

How does the international media and market respond to the rawness and sexuality involved in the way that you market your material? Have you ever been criticized for it?

Yes, we have been criticized. I think dat every kind of music dat has brought popular support or started any new trend has been criticized. Elvis Presley was about rock 'n' roll. I remember they used to look down on rock 'n' roll and say, "It's a devil music." We have seen it all the way through. Once the music starts to cross over to anything or anyone or generation, there's always the critics. Those critics feel, some of them rightly so, that being purists, they should not take your music and move it too far away from what it was meant to do. But den dat is the wrong thing because the music today is an international language of everyone, especially the younger generation. They use music and what it stands for in a way dat's expressing their own feelings or frustration or of satisfaction or of joy or anger. Soca music is sensuality. It's of woman's music. Soca is more purists, they should not take your emotions. Reggae is an implosion. Reggae is more deeply contributing to deep thought. I have no excuse to make for how we have marketed Soca music. The girls on the jacks are beautiful because a lot of people say to us, "We love the

Interview and photographs by Oksana Kolibaba

girls on the jackets." They are all Jamaican models who the Jamaica Tourist Board has marketed.

Are they the women that are used in the J. Wray & Nephew calendars?

Yes, on the J. Wray & Nephew posters. They use dem all over too. Brian Rosen is a fellow who has a contract. It's Brian who supplies the tourist board and from J. Wray & Nephew, who I get them from too. Our movements on stage are sensual and they are suggestive. But as long as it's no men to the part were they are lewd or immoral, den I'm alright because let us face facts. People want to go somewhere where they can let their hair down and relax. Social pressures today... social economics makes it difficult for people who've got to work and work and work. They want to be able to go somewhere like the Commodore last night and say "I had a great time! If I had to pay my car bill, or I had a fight with my husband, last night just blew it out." For that six or seven hours we are able to transform someone from whatever they are into a crazy.

Are you interested in supporting female musicians, DJs, and selectors or do you consider women to be more of an audience?

I love them as DJs, selectors, and everything. I'd like to say that when I was in England the other day watching cricket, West

were the people who brought her. Judy Mowatt, Cynthia Lewis... they can tell you that. I've heard, that we gave dem their start, their kickstart in the beginning.

What role does Dynamic Sounds play now, in terms of music?

My sons run Dynamic Sounds. Both of them. What they have done is carry on the legacy of keeping what I have worked so hard for, keeping the music in the forefront with the quality of what we do. They are not musicians, and they are not players like myself, which is good in a way because they're able to look at the business end of it and make sure it stay. When you are too much of an artist, and you are too caught up in the flair/voyance of the music, you tend to forget the economic parts sometimes. Dynamic Sounds is still the biggest record company in the Caribbean. We are established because of our quality really. Everything that we have tried to do is true quality. I've tried to make sure, if you noticed last night, that when I came in from Calgary, I didn't get any sleep. We went straight to the venue to make sure that the sound was right, that the stage look good, that when people came in through the door, they wouldn't be hearing sound check going on. We did a sound check and was out of there before five o'clock. People respect that about us; that when they come into a function, we are there to start early, we're not starting at mid-

artist, the editors and readers might notice that the dialect and grammar is different from that of Canadian language. It isn't necessarily aligned with what a university education would bring out. Don't you think that the standard view of what a "proper" education is skewed?

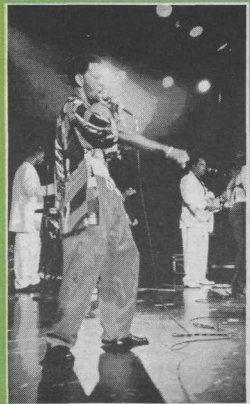
What you are saying is absolutely right, that the expressions of the artists today, because of the lack of education or the chance not to have gotten, it speaks differently to you. They in their way understand what they are talking about. There's no doubt in their mind that they in their way as an act know what they are writing, what they are saying.

Exactly.

In fact, the reggae music that you hear today, people would say, "How these guys write these lyrics?" It's not hard to write. They are only singing what their life tells them.

How do you intend on keeping the legacy going? What plans do you have for the future?

I think that I have come to many crossroads in my life, many of dem. Many valleys, many mountains. One or two bad times, but most of the time, I've been able to surmount dem, because I believe very strongly in myself. I believe that if you believe in yourself and what you are doing, and you think that you are doing something that is



Indies and England, one of the high points was a lady from Barbados who was a commentator, the only one in the world. Donna Simon or something like that. I love dat. Women who play guitar and bass, I love that too because it shows that music is international. I'm not macho in any way. My greatest happiness last night was to see Audra perform. She's new. She's young. She had never been to Canada in her life. She had never been on an international tour. For her to go up there last night before a sold-out audience, with Byron Lee and the Dragonaires behind her, and lift the crowd. I'm proud of her. I'm sure you must have seen the reaction she got.

Oh yeah, she was wonderful. Tell me about some more women in Jamaica doing music.

Women play as important a part in entertainment as men. In fact, if you look at the Caribbean 10 years ago, there used to be one woman singing. It used to be Calypso Rose and Singing Sandra. Now look at so many women. Now every band today has a woman because Allison Hinds from Square One has broken it open. She's fantastic. She brought out the fact that a woman could stand out in front of a band and be the lead vocalist. Now, we don't have dat yet because we have our lead vocalists at Olcar and Leon. We have Audra singing back, but she proved that they didn't have to be a male vocalist to be a top band. All of the hit songs and records, some of them are by women. You have people like Lady Patra, who is up there singing. Marcia Griffiths work with us, we brought her. When Marcia Griffiths was a little girl, nobody knew of her. We Byron Lee and the Dragonaires, in fact if you interview her, she'll tell you everywhere she works that we

night. We don't go on and play one set from 12 to one, even though we are the headline act. We go on early, and we go on middle, and we go on late. That again is a major part of our success. People who come early, Canadians come out early, they'll sit there from seven o'clock, and if we don't go on until one o'clock the next morning, they are dead men, they are frustrated, they are drinking too much liquor, they are unhappy. So we go on early to satisfy the early birds. We go on in the middle, so that the people who are coming later will hear us later too, so that everybody will at least hear two sets. That is why we are successful.

What advice do you have for younger people becoming involved in music?

Everything I have said here to you is what they should remember. It's not easy for them, a young person getting started. But I think the first thing today that has kept us alive so long in the music, and span so many generations, and still be at the top is the following: your approach to the profession must be thought of like a profession. It is hard to tell someone that music, which is such a great billion dollar industry, needs not have any kind of education at all to earn that kind of money. When you say to someone you can become a multimillionaire with one record, it's hard to believe because the person may not even be able to write his own name. A lot of reggae artists can't even write their own name. They have to put "X" beside it, and they are driving Mercedes Benz.

Life experience can be far more valuable than any knowledge that a text book can teach you. As an example, after I have finished transcribing an interview and the expressions of a Jamaican

bring joy to other people, in everything you do, it must have a response from someone you are doing it for. Even at work. When people say "I'm not happy at work." They'll never work well there. Well, I love my music, and I know what I'm doing. I think that the crossroads will be when I have to say goodbye. And goodbye will really mean goodbye. Not Byron Lee going out of the band work. It must be a cut-off because the name is like a brand that I have developed. I'd hate to know that if we go off, maybe it would go differently. I feel that what is getting me into a deep, deep turmoil in my heart is that I must know when the time is right to go. But when will that time come? I said to myself that the signals to me would be easy because if we started to slip. I never make it reach that stage. So here's the catch-22: If I am not prepared to run second at third or be history or a has-been, or people speak of me in the past tense, then where am I? So it's a very strange paradox position that I am in. It's hard! A guy last night said to me, he come from Seattle, he said, "When you live to be even a hundred, please play for me. I come every year to hear you." People echo that all over the world. Everywhere. People from New York, New Jersey, Jamaican women who are working as nurses and lawyers, who never go anywhere, they say, "When you come to town, that's my time!" •

For more info, check out www.byronleemusic.com
For the full on-line version of this interview, check out www.soulcity10th.com

(sugar refinery)
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OCTOBER

EVERY SUNDAY
DJ TOBIAS

Tuesdays are
Skye Brooks
and Masa Arai

Saturdays:
Francois Houle
PRESENTS
October Crisis

(TH) SUPNA
(FR) STELLARK
afterparty

(TH) YOUNG & SEXY
(FR) JULY 4th
TOILET

(WED) AMY'S ROCKS
and CAM THOMPSON

(THU) TYLER BRETT
(FR) COLORIFICS

(SUN) UNREFINED
hip hop & spoken word

(WED) CINEMWORKS
7-10

(TH) Parlour Steps
CD RELEASE

(FR) the Beans

CALL TO
CONFIRM

AKW

AKW

AT LARGE entertainment

PRESENTS

THURSDAY OCT. 19TH

Third Jockey Recording Artists
from Germany

OVAL

PLUS GUESTS
Western Front
Art Gallery 10+
303 E. 8th Ave
Doors 8:30pm Show 9:30pm

FRIDAY OCT. 20TH

THE BLACK HALOS
GLUEBENDER

PLUS GUESTS
CANDIDISH ROOM 10+
1005 Homer Street
Doors 8:30pm Show 9:30pm

WEDNESDAY OCT. 25TH

STRAIGHT PRESENTS

DANKO JONES

PLUS GUESTS
TRUCKY

Starfish Room 10+
1005 Homer Street
Doors 8:30pm Show 9:30pm

FRIDAY NOV. 10TH

STRAIGHT PRESENTS

THE (INTERNATIONAL)
NOISE CONSPIRACY

PLUS GUESTS
All State Champion

Starfish Room 10+
1005 Homer Street
Doors 8:30pm Show 10:15pm

SUNDAY NOV. 12TH

NOISE

PLUS GUESTS
PULLEY

PLUS GUESTS
BABBLETISH ALL AGES

Grandview Legion
2250 Commercial St.
Doors 8:30pm Show 9:30pm

WEDNESDAY NOV. 15TH

The Murder
City Devils

AT THE DRIVE IN

THE RED LIGHT STING 10+
Richards on Richards
1005 Richards Street
Doors 8:30pm Show 9:30pm

FRIDAY NOV. 19TH

DEATH CAB FOR CUTIE
pedro the lion

PLUS GUESTS
Starfish Room 10+
1005 Homer Street
Doors 8:30pm Show 9:30pm

NOV. 12 GAZA STRIPPERS FEVE TEA
all fix available @
Scratch, Zulu, Mize, Highlife
& Singles Going Steady

Cell Phones...dotcom...desktop, laptop, palmtop...reality TV...final answer...e-mail
voice mail...the mars male, the venus female...passwords...pin numbers...raves...
tall mocha-cappa-choca-javacino...the new millenium...had enough?

c o d e d

Real Music. **Forever.**

c o d e d

leonard cohen
nick cave & the bad seeds
elvis costello
tom waits
portishead
bob dylan
jeff buckley
robbie roth
daniel lanois
victoria williams
johnny cash
the jayhawks
the velvet underground
sloan
pavement
iggy pop & the stooges
mike watt

Leonard Cohen - The Future

Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds - Red Right Hand

Elvis Costello - The Bridge I Burned

Tom Waits - Jockey Full of Bourbon

Portishead - Sour Times

Bob Dylan - Series of Dreams

Jeff Buckley - Grace

Robbie Roth - Wall to Wall

Daniel Lanois - The Messenger

Victoria Williams - Crazy Mary

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The Jayhawks - Waiting For The Sun

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Iggy Pop & The Stooges - Raw Power

Mike Watt - Big Train

CD IN STORES OCTOBER 3

Sony Music Canada

Under Review



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DA LATA Songs From The Tim (Palm)

Although the summer has ended, the spirit of the season lives on in this release by **Da Lata**. My first encounter with this group was in a crowded club in Kyoto. It was an acid jazz night, but there was a lot of Brazilian stuff being played as well. When "Pra Manha" came on, everyone made a mad rush to the dance floor, lifting their hands in mad joy. Go figure. Interestingly, the DJ of the night was Patrick Forge, who is also the producer of this fine collection of songs. Unlike other projects, the album avoids trying to force the Brazilian beats over worn-out house loops, and comes out with an exciting mixture of rhythms and grooves. Nina Miranda's vocals are beautiful, and when you hear "Pra Manha" kick in, I'm sure that you'll be tempted to join with the others raising their hands. For hardcore fans of Latin American music, you may find this to be a little watered down,

but for those who are looking for music that bridges Brazil to the clubs, this is it.

Samuel Kim

DAMON & NAOMI WITH GHOST

s/t (SubPop)
Japan's Ghost (Masaki Batah, Michio Kurihara, Kazuo Ogin) join **Damon & Naomi** on this blissed-out, mellow journey through sonic utopia, sometimes using that "Lucy in the Field with Strawberries" production and Ghost's influence of truly spacey realms. This also shows again how much D&N must have contributed to **Galaxy 500**. They show no signs of wearing-out, just slowing down a bit. Somehow the three keep this release from sliding into the purgatory of the "sickly sweet" and inducing alpha waves between the ears.

Bleek Erstree

THE HIVES Veni Vidi Vicius

(Burning Heart/Epitaph)
We're sorry. The review you are about to read is currently unavailable at this time. The reviewer is busy recovering from the state of shock this album has put him in. If you need assistance, please stay with this review and we will satisfy your curiosity. For more options, please select from the following:

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3. To put down this paper immediately, buy this genius of a record, then shed tears of joy as five men from Sweden assault you with tunes brimming with devil-may-care attitude, over the top vocal shredding, and sensational musical craftsmanship, with casual references to sixties garage punk with a nineties twist

à la **Rocket From the Crypt** or the **New Bomb Turks**.
You have selected option #3. Please continue your reading experience. Thank you and have a nice day.
Bryce Dunn

JAFFA Elevator (Nude)

Elevator could be the smoothest jazz-oriented disc this year and one of the most uneventful. Maybe it's for you, though: the sound is a lazy, late-night DJ playing some cinematic sexjazz, soft and funky. The title track is remixed by **Fila Brazillia** and **Herbaliser**, yeah, I've heard of Herbaliser, man. This just bores me no matter how talented I think the artist is. Perhaps that's the point of titling this disc *Elevator*—as a musical description, if you get my drift.
Bleek M. Nixon

SUZANNE LANGILLE AND LOREN MAZZACANE 1987-1989

(Secretly Canadian)
This album is wonderful! A perfect accompaniment to a cold rainy day. This is a compilation of the work released on the duo's *Bluesmaster I* and *II* albums (which were only released in a limited run of 200). Traditional blues and gospel

songs are "slowed to a crawl" in **Suzanne Langille's** arrangements. Suzanne and Loren are a perfect match (they have been married since these songs were recorded). Both musicians show a haunting and tragic honesty—it oozes through Loren's slide guitar and Suzanne's voice. Rarely have I heard artists that can capture the feeling that made early American folk music so sad and powerful. This album is so simple yet amazing.
Jay Daullard

LIVEHUMAN Elephish Jellyphant (Matador)

PHIL CRUMAR As it Goes (Asphodel)
Both of these are indicative of an increasing bohemian interest in hip hop culture. Both are admirable for how little they dilute the blood they draw from rap music's veins. And yet both rather leave one itching for the Real thing.
Livehuman are an improvising drums/bass/turntables trio. They have a similar methodology to **The Dylan Group** (simulating programmed breakbeat music with "live" instruments). Although they arrive at rather more predictable conclusions, there's plenty to savour on *Elephish Jellyphant*. The grooves are sinuous and hypnotic, the scratching imaginative and

humorous. There are even some pretty impressive trips into abstraction, as on the possible **Miles Davis** tribute "Lost World." At times, the sound is not unlike **Soul Congress** minus the annoying vocalist.
Which is also true of *As it Goes*, a short missive from San Francisco—boho hip hop central. Of the two discs, this is the closest to a straight forward rap release. Having said that, Paul Crumar's highly personal, laid-back raps and lush production aren't exactly hardcore.

In spite of an appearance from cutting-edge turntablist **Rob Swift**, it's hard not to feel self-consciously arty artists like Crumar are being outdone by avant hard b-boys like **The Infesticons** and **Deep Puddle Dynamics**. A classy diversion, nevertheless.
Sam Macklin

THE LOUD FAMILY Attractive Nuisance (Alias)

Scott Miller keeps his creative juices flowing over all the years. Remember **Game Theory**? Miller knew how to write pithy and humorous prose back when

more under review
on page 20!

R.L. BURNSIDE

WISH I WAS IN HEAVEN SITTING DOWN

new **BEATS** from the delta

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he was goofing around with wimpy new wave. He continues with **The Loud Family** to express joy and silliness in a pop-rock world, and to make great pop-rock music as he goes his merry way, writing funny and self-deprecating lyrics and using the talents of a group of cool musicians for his fantastic back-dropp. The man is ageless.

Bleek Warhol

MARSHMALLOW COAST Marshmallow Coasting (Kindercare)

How Andy Gonzales' **Marshmallow Coast** hasn't become a cultural phenomenon is beyond me. He takes the ultra-poppy, almost twee melodies of **Of Montreal**, a band of which he is a member, fuses it with the difficult, and often chaotic instrumentation of **Musical Tapes**, of which he is an occasional member, and builds a sonic amalgam that is wholly indescribable. **Marshmallow Coasting** moves from self-conscious whimsy to a hailstorm of instruments (found, toy, or otherwise) and samples, then retreats before you ever get but a spectre of what's going on. What's more is that despite its musical audacity the album never stops communicating the heartfelt honesty echoed by the lyrics. What more could you want?

godfrey j. leung, esq.

MEAN RED SPIDERS Stars and Sons (Teenage USA)

The guitars go "jingle-jingle-jingle," the drums "thumpa-thumpa-thump." And the vocals? They go "la la la la." So the whole thing about the **Mean Red Spiders** is that their album is pretty boring, seeing as nothing ever changes. The fuzzy vocals and waves of fuzzy guitar that wash over everything bring to mind the **Jesus and Mary Chain** with a female singer. A bit more psychedelic, maybe. Either way, that was so 10 years ago.

Like lots of mediocre albums, **Stars and Sons** isn't painful on the ears, it just kind of flies under your radar and never registers. If you took some cocaine and hit yourself over the head with your shoe, it would probably start to sound brilliant around track four. You'd fall asleep by the eighth song or so and wake up the next morning chipper and well-rested, with no memory of the previous night and a tiny ringing sound in your ears.

Paul Crowley

MIRAH You Think It's Like This But Really It's Like This (K)

Remember the cute girl's voice on all of the **Microphones**' records? **Mirah**, née Mirah Yon Tov Zeitlyn, has another solo

album out. Keeping with the incestuous nature of the Olympia scene, Phil Evrum from the **Microphones** appears throughout the album, as do many other regulars who I won't bother to name, adding left experimentalism to the most delicate and intimate songs imaginable. Despite her long list of collaborators, this is Mirah's solo album and it's clearly her show—her frail, hesitant voice and very minimalist guitar parts take you back to the self-doubts you suppressed years ago. Imagine **Lisa Loeb** meets a girl's diary from junior high meets **Skateer Davis**' "The End of the World" meets **K Records**. Remember **Maureen Tucker** singing "After Hours" on the self-titled **Velvet Underground** album? That's what this is like, only it's so much more powerful because you can tell Mirah is playing her own songs.

godfrey j. leung, esq.

THE MOONEY SUZUKI People Get Ready (Estrus)

Yes indeed, 'cuz this gang of soul-stompers from the Big Apple are taking a big bite with their full length debut of hip-shakin', body-quakein', Night-train takin' ravers that range from the Motor City beatitude of "Make My Way" and "Do It," to the folk-punk swagger of "My Dear Persephone" and the straight up

garage strut of "Oh No" and "Everything's Gone Wrong." Twelve reasons to hit it or quit it—or may the Lord strike you down. Amen, brother, amen.

Bryce Dunn

QUICKSPACE The Death of Quickspace (Matador)

Comin' atcha like some frazzled English **Yo La Tengo**, **Quickspace's** Matador debut, *The Death of Quickspace*, though flawed, is original and varied ear candy. The album begins with the fade in fade out fade in again tinkle of the "Lobbalong Song." The song features the desperate, indiscernible wailing of Nina Pascale, vocals that set the slightly melancholy tone of the rest of the album. This pale sadness is strongest on "They Shoot Horses Don't They" and "Gloriana," the gorgeous and ghostly midpoint of the album.

But the album is by no means gloomy. There's an exuberance to *Quickspace*, "Munchers No Munchers" delights in blips and bleeps, and, though slightly jarring, the album closes with a 30 second punk frenzy.

My one complaint comes with songs like "Climbing A Hill." At 11 minutes, the song meanders way too much, something that *Quickspace* is close to doing a few times on this album.

Nonetheless, *The Death of Quickspace* is a strong and accessible album.

Duncan McHugh

THE RESIDENTS Roadworms (East Side Digital) BLUE PINE (Global Symphonic)

Two things to make you furrow your brow nervously and grunt a baffled "fucking hell!" Two LPs that are as fascinatingly grung as they are nerve-wrackingly scary. Two fine examples of gallows wackiness.

The Residents are a known underground entity. They've been producing conceptual art rock from behind a surreal cloak of anonymity (giant eyeballs for heads!) since the '70s. If nothing else, it's impressive that they've managed to maintain their artfully contrived façade for so long.

Not that this collection of songs based on biblical stories isn't impressive in itself. A skeletal mix of angular guitar figures, portentous synths, and downright psychotic vocals, *Roadworms* is a work of truly alien intelligence. Clearly **The Residents'** high-impact image isn't the only reason for their legendary status.

Less well-known, and admittedly not quite so striking, are **BC's** own **Blue Pine**. Still, they

do have a similar aura of impenetrable Otherness. Whereas **The Residents** take rock's architecture and morph it into a vertiginous MC Escher sketch, **Blue Pine** rough-up roasty sounds until they're red-war and bloody.

This approach is similar to that taken by **The Pogues**, **The Bad Seeds**, and **Vancouver's** own **Jerk with a Bomb**. But these comparisons don't come close to suggesting the strangeness of this album [which isn't even lessened by the appearance of **Carolyn Mark's** familiar voice on two tracks]. Perhaps a better parallel to draw would be with **The Fall**—insofar as this *Roadworms* otherworldliness is a function of its abrasive vocals and jarring guitar strung.

Or maybe I should just mention that they have a song called "Fur Harness or Let No Beast be Shackled Last Doom Fall on All of Us" and leave it at that.

Sam Macklin

ST. GERMAIN Tourist (Blue Note)

I was a straight-up sucker for this album as soon as I heard the **Marlena Shaw** sample which adorns the first track "Rose Rouge." Samples are few on this, the second full-length from Frances Ludovic Navarre (**aka St. Germain**), and they are used to their full, lush potential. Most of the music on this CD

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comes from a live jazz band, which producer/composer/arranger Navarre conducts. This is a much more fully realized acid jazz/house/hip hop offering than Miles Davis' *BeBop*, for example—I can't actually think of a hybrid album other than the latter, which even approaches the kind of jazz focus that *Tourist* maintains. Soulful, exquisite jazz. The samples from *Show* from her landmark live at Montreux recording of *Woman of the Ghetto* and John Lee Hooker become "quotes" in this framework, informed by the live musicians, all notable European jazz players. St. Germain's previous offerings have placed him more in house music, and not being an informed house-head, I came by this album because someone who knows me knew that I would love it and so gave it to me. I do love it, and in seeking out the relevant info for this review I now understand that St. Germain released a—dare I say it?—seminal house album called *Boulevard* in 1995 which paved the way for lots of good, sexy French electronic stuff from *Daft Punk* to *Air* to gain international glory. I also understand, from being a good little girl and reading up on things, that St. Germain's move to Blue Note was executed so that the artist would be free to go boldly jazzward. Ludovic is the best kind of

tourist, exploring the authenticity of each genre and melding them with ingenuity and understanding. Blues, jazz, house, trip-hop and hip hop comprise a divine orgy, ultimately reminding us that each borrows from the other, begets the other, becomes the other. Could it be any more smitten? Oh yeah baby, it comes on vinyl too.

Hancunt

THE WEAKERTHANS Left and Leaving (G-7 Welcoming Committee)

You can tell a lot about a band by the number of fat broads who listen to their music.

I recently went back to the greatest city on earth, Winnipeg, arriving in time to catch two *Weakerthans* CD release parties and, let me tell you, the bulk of the audience (pun intended) at both shows was made up of big girls. And I'm not talking about the idiots who wrap sweaters around their asses—Winnipeg's fabulously flabby females are the kind who parade around in tank tops and skirts, barging their way past all the skinny little Hemos to the front of the crowd as if to proclaim a collective "Kiss our fat asses" to all the fancy mother-fuckers in the audience who wouldn't give the time of day because of their monumental birth. The skinny boys at the

show, there to catch a glimpse of their posthero John Sampson, had no time for these plump princesses and comforted each other with talk of the recent *Grade* concert where I'm sure some of them got to touch lead singer Kyle on the wiener. But all the zaffig femmes didn't give a rat's balls about the skinny boys or the rest of the crowd. There were no embarrassed parents there, no so-called men's magazines, no diet industry. Nothing hampered their ability to have a good time bouncing their hella asses around the West End Cultural Center, despite the fact that the punk rock scene seems to do everything it can to prevent this kind of thing from occurring by encouraging the formation of all-male bands and such decidedly homo-erotic things as mosh pits and dog-piles. The *Weakerthans*, though, somehow manage to nurture a more inclusive atmosphere at their shows than most other bands in the scene so even though they've gone a bit soft for my taste, they will always get my nod of approval (I am being somewhat misleading, as I do actually listen to *Left and Leaving* quite a lot). If a band can create the kind of space where fat girls don't need to worry about others laughing at them while they dance, then I don't need to think of bad things to write in my review.

gibby peach

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Real Live Action



MURDER CITY DEVILS RED LIGHT STING Saturday, August 25 The Brickyard

No denying it: the Brickyard was indeed the place to be on this particular Saturday night. Didn't you read the write-up in the *Straight*?

I have it on good authority that part two of the two-part *Murder City Devils* CD-release extravaganza was media night, featuring high-profile representatives from the aforementioned *Straight*, the *Sun*, the *Province*, and of course, *DISCORDER*! It took some mad juggling, but I managed to free up a slot in the old dayplanner so I could be there for you, the people. I won't let you down.

I'm pulling this review together well after the fact from none-too-photographic memories, so forgive my potential inaccuracies when I proclaim the opening band to have been *Red Light Sting*. Anybody?

What I do recall and feel confident asserting is that, while the band was unfamiliar, the composite faces were not; definite local sceneries. Anyway, their punk/prog thing lost me around the third song, but I will be keeping my ears open for them in the future.

Up next were the *New Town Animals*, featuring (for me at least) Chuckie on drums (formerly of *JetSet*) and Jeffrey on guitar (formerly of the *Disgusteens*, occasionally of the *Smugglers*). Three letters will suffice by way of description for these guys: F.U.N. They were having it, I was having it, we were all having it as one. The highlight for me was when Jeffrey ripped his patch cord in half and substituted goofy faxes for six-string wizardry. It came as no surprise when I heard a rumour that Mint Records had just snatched these guys up. Good on 'em.

Now, for one reason or another, or for a combination of

all possible reasons, I have absolutely no recollection of the

show put on this night by the *Murder City Devils*. I remember having a great time, but that was probably more a result of the combination of all the possible reasons than of any particular display put on by any particular band. Thankfully, I was not the only *DISCORDER* reporter at this show, so it is at this point that I hand things over to Julie, our esteemed Music Director:

The *Devils* rocked. I saw them both nights, and unfortunately have to say that they were better on the Friday. Maybe they were just better because I was drunker and enjoying a high point in my friend's stagette party—she got to dance (well actually, the kind of just stood there and looked confused) with the *Devils*! Spencer and Co. were all looking mighty fine and

were rocking out with tunes new and old. Friday's set was more of a mix from all three albums, while Saturday's served to showcase more tracks from the newest album, *In Name and Blood*. So it goes. Crowd participation on both nights was stellar, with lots of bashing and smashing and being boyness, and some well-behaved punka rocks dancing and having the good times. Both nights were choice, but Saturday was just more full of mishaps (anyone see that stabbing at the Hastings bus-stop? That put a downer on my evening). The boys will be back, they tour like mad, they still light stuff on fire, and everybody ought to see them at least once—or a zillion times, like I have.

Jamaal & Julie



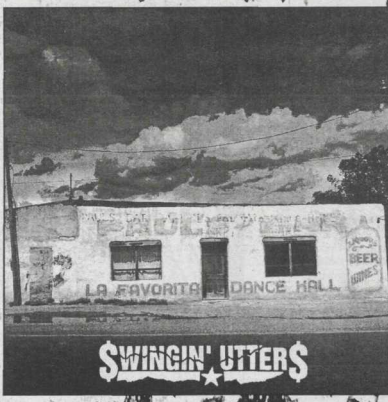
citroen kick it at the brickyard. photo by christa min

**BUJU BANTON
WAYNE WONDER
JAH FAS
Wednesday, August 30
Commodore Ballroom**

Perhaps one of the most intense performances I've seen in a long while, I went into the Commodore with my curiosity piqued, not sure what to expect from the notorious Mark Myrie (aka *Buju Banton*). The opening act was local DJ (singer) *Jah Fas*, supported by *Red-1* and *Kemo of The Rascaz*, who

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put on a very energetic and promising show, weaving in an out of the dancehall and hip hop styles. Watch out for him.

Wayne Wonder graced us with his spectacular voice, mesmerizing even the ruffest and tuffest bad bwoai in da place. In his youth, it was the thoughtfulness and philosophical nature of **Vanwayne Charles** and his lyrics, which led him to acquire the name "Wonder." Performing some of his greatest hits like "Good Enough," "Movie Star," "Saddest Day," and "Bonafide Love," he proved that his talent extends far beyond the studio.

When Buju hit the stage backed by the spiritually charged into his new album "Unchained Spirit," the vibe heightened. Performing songs like "Voice of Jah" and "Negust Negus," which is only available on 7" single, he captured the attention of the crowd, especially those who have the impression that he is a strictly dancehall artist. The sweet vocals of Dorrette Wisdom and Juliet Nelson provided a wonderful dynamic to the performance. Supported by the Shiloh Band, consisting of Basil Gabbidon of the original Steele Pulse on guitar, highly energetic Prince (Basil Shirley) on drums, talented Frank Burt on bass, and Steven

Marsden on keyboards, they provided a solid musical foundation. With his gruff vocals, Buju stole the show, singing a broad range of tracks from the new album, including ska-influenced "Mighty Dread" and

ment each other. Don't miss them next time they roll into Vancouver.
Oksana Kolibaba

**LESS THAN JAKE
THE ATARIS**



buju banton at the commodore.
photo by adam sloan

"Better Must Come." Later on in the set, he ventured into some of his more popular dancehall cuts like "Women Dem Phat" and "Love Sponge." The show ended with both Buju and Wayne singing Reunion, showing just how well their voices comple-

**ZEBRAHEAD
Croatian Cultural Centre**
A cynic might say I was the wrong person to review this show. I don't like **Less Than Jake**. I'm not sure why. Their music is alright, I have a couple of their CDs, but something

Kill Your Boyfriend



COMIC REVIEWS BY ROBIN

**JEFF SMITH
Bone**

(Cartoon Books)

I sat down to write my monthly column, topic already in hand, and I just couldn't do it. I couldn't get into it. So I got to thinking, what's the greatest thing about comics? Yeah, writing and art are vital, but more importantly? Humour. The large majority of comics in this world revolve around laughter. Next question: What was the last thing I read that made me laugh out loud, dying to share it with someone?

Written and drawn by Jeff Smith, it's a story in three parts with two prequels. Two parts are done and the third has just been started. As well, there's a cartoon movie on the way. Everyone needs to read this comic, if only for a wonderfully crafted story that hearkens to the rollicking adventures you used to read, play, see, write, and pretend as a kid. It's all about the imagination. Originally I would read *Bone* because it seemed like a total kid's comic. Then I did a show about kids' comics, so I felt it was time to see what the big deal was. I loved it! Yeah, it's great for kids, but adults can dig it too.

It's got everything: adventure, mystery, romance, intrigue, secret identities, and no superheroes; just regular people and The Bones. Oh yeah, and some Dragons. And lots of bad guys. I've never laughed so much while reading a comic. It's a fantasy epic about three cousins and a princess. Now the cousins are these things called Bones. They look like the Pillsbury Dough Boy without the hat and with a huge nose. There's Smiley Bone, the goofy stupid one. Phoney Bone (the greedy one who gets all three run out of Boneville), and Fone Bone. But I just call him Bone "cause he's the best Bone of all.

So they get run out of Boneville, separated and lost in this valley. Along the way, Bone gets rescued by a dragon and meets a girl named Thorn. Phoney really irritates the dragon and gets beaten by an old woman (Granna Ben), and Smiley ends up working in a tavern. Eventually they all hook up again, but it's an adventure and that's only the beginning of the story. Bone falls in love, Phoney starts a gambling racket, Smiley makes a new friend, Thorn finds out a big secret about her past, and Granna Ben runs in The Great Cow Race—with disastrous results. The crazy part? I'm not even scratching the surface: I don't want to ruin it for you. It's

so intricately woven that the oft-heard review is "Jeff Smith, the new Tolkien!" Now, I like Tolkien, but he was never this fun. It's wonderful and shareable.

My favourite characters in



Bone, though, are some of the bad guys. Namely, the rat creatures, a race of really hairy men. There are two that are usually shown (they don't have names, and they all call each other "comrade," but they are very easy to recognize), and they always make me giggle. They're like the Laurel and Hardy of the rat creatures, but they can be so scary. Kingdomb, the head rat creature, creeps me right out. It's great to be reading a comic and end up getting so involved. The only remotely negative thing I can say about it is it can be a little derivative, and it really is in fact the perfect mix of the comic timing of Pogo and the imagination and scope of Tolkien. But it's a new fairy tale, it's intelligent,

and it's fun.

The art is quite cartoony and simple, with just the right amount of detail. I'm surprised it's taken so long to do a cartoon movie. (Smith just finished working on it, so it should be out in summer 2001.) Smith's style is very clean and stylish. Fluid and well-paced, like the story. The expressions on the faces are all natural and believable. Remember the rat creatures—cuddly and silly one moment, scary and creepy the next. The panel layout also has excellent comic pacing and is very panoramic and beautiful. One warning for parents: it's one of those black and white comics. Kids usually like colour, so let them colour it. (Tee hee, you are all appalled.) It's such a great story that you shouldn't let lack of colour hinder you from reading it.

Anyway, there are six books so far and one mini-series (*Stupid, Stupid Rat Creatures*). As well, Charles Vess is currently doing the art in a story written by Smith.

Called *Rose*, it's about Granna Ben when she was younger. The first issue should be coming out in the next couple of weeks. It's a good place to start if you find *Bone* a little daunting. It's in full colour, and Vess is the quintessential fantasy artist. I've seen some of the pages, and they are glorious. There are tons of toys, big inflatable dragons and gorgeous statues out there for the serious collector. Get your kids hooked on a trend that quotes *Moby Dick* and won't leave you poor with a basement full of long forgotten toys. They'll take them when they move out, that's how cool *Bone* is. Give it a try. You will love it, your kids will love it, anyone you give it to will love it. *



BOOMTOWN

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about them just pisses me off. Couldn't tell you what. Maybe the legions of screaming preteen fans? Possibly. Anyways, I don't like Less Than Jake.

Zebrahead was a logical choice as openers. They play the sort of wussy pop punk that is usually combined with ska, except this band combines it with rapping. The band went over well, but I don't think I need to tell you I didn't like it.

The **Aтарыs** were the real reason I went. I like this band. They play relatively wussy pop-punk about girls, but well. They went over very well. The singer has honed his crowd-workin' skills. He strove for **KJ Jansen** comparisons. While they did play well and featured ex-**Good Riddance** drummer, the braided Sean Sellers, the Aтарыs lost a lot of footing in my esteem. I'm bet me a dollar their next album would be on a major label. I wouldn't take the bet.

Less Than Jake, now. This band has zero element of metal in its ska-punk sound, but has embraced the metal image with passion. The intro to their show's from **Ozzy Osbourne's** 1981 live show, **Iron Maiden**-inspired skits. Horrible '80s metal hair wigs. Multitudes of kids giving the "metal sign."

I'll tell you what: I love metal. Sincerely so. I can't fucking stand seeing all these kids giving the "metal sign" anymore. It ain't cute. It ain't funny. Less Than Jake is not a metal band.

Music wise, Less Than Jake was about the same as ever. Same set, same exuberance. They're still making guys dance and shoot confetti, giant flame-licked banner in the background. Their music's alright. I couldn't wait to leave. If I hadn't been on **DISORDER's** nickel, I might have left the minute they turned on the giant banks of blinding lights flanking the stage. I might as well have.

At \$17.50 a pop, the knowledge that I got \$140 worth of people in free eased some tension. As did fantasizing about lining up all the kids on the way out to chop off their index and pinkie fingers.

Trevor Fiedling

SLATER-KINNEY MC KIA KADIRI PEPPER SANDS

**Saturday, September 2
The Commodore**

Edtrix is my new roommate and I've committed a faux pas: last-minute hand-in of reviews. It is my hope that we'll be able to keep the office politics in the office. She'll forgive me, though, 'cuz I bleached the whole motherfucking bathroom last night while she slept.

Anyways, on with the material at hand. Think back... way back

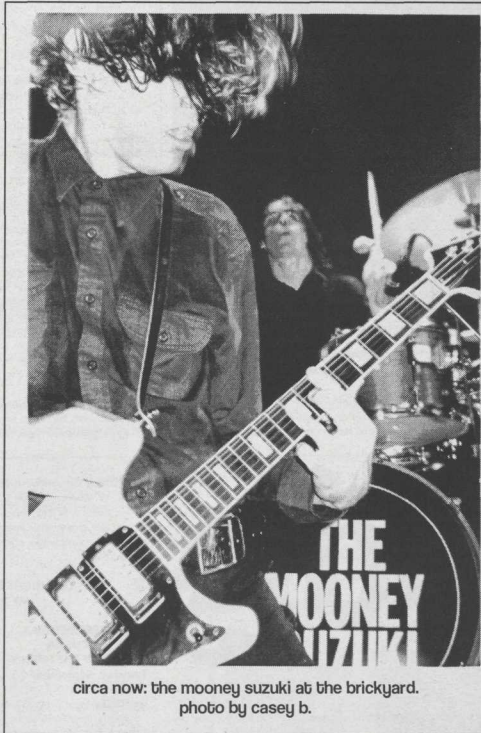
to September 2nd. That September anticipation thing was in the air as the line at the Roxy grew huge, and frat boys prowled up and down Granville. Who'd have thought that they'd be heading to the Commodore to see the Northwest's finest export? Well, I guess that the fanciest venue in town would attract the fancy boys. Sadly, though, their finishing school and elocution lessons didn't stop them from pushing their way to the front and trying to mosh like

to match. It was only when Kia did some freestyling that the crowd mustered any response.

Sleater-Kinney didn't seem to be at their peak. Songs from their brand-spanker *All Hands On the Bad One* weren't as well-received as their older tunes. The sound was bad and the crowd roared at times, but you gotta give respect 'nuf to Carrie and her guitar. Her moves are just so... sex. The fact that the sound sucked ass barely mattered when you watched

hair hits the floor. Hit the kick drum like a pussy, like your leg just came out of a cast and has no muscle anymore. Point your finger all of the time. Get a bad haircut. Go on a **Mick Jagger** diet to get his figure and copy his dance moves. Don't forget to have crotch songs, too.

How to Rock (Like **The Come Ons** do): Sing like you mean it. Hit the kit so hard that you might crack cymbals, snap sticks, and rip skin. Stand up and sing when drumming, while



circa now: the mooney suzuki at the brickyard.
photo by casey b.

we were at a **Temple of the Dog** reunion tour.

Pepper Sands were boring. If you like the music, respect 'nuf and all, but really, they aren't so thrilling live.

To my absolute joy, **MC Kia Kadir** followed the Matthew Good Sands. Indie rock kids can be so annoying though; just standing stoically with arms crossed and head not moving. I just know beneath those tight jeans lies an ass that wants to shake and be let loose. It wants big pair of pants and an attitude

Carrie. Just slow down her moves and you've got a scene from *American Beauty*.

Aryan Shaw

THE MOONEY SUZUKI THE COME ONS Wednesday, September 14 Brickyard

How to Suck (Mooney Suzuki Style): Talk with a fake rock accent (like a Gospel preacher from Britain with a speech impediment). Be flexible—sit on your heels, guitar between your legs and lean back until your

thumbs are it. Grow colluses like timbales and do pushups with your finger tips. Then you can dig into your strings like your fingers are shovels so your bass gets tired before you do. Synchronize heart beats with your band mates so your timing is impeccable. Play songs that are good 'n' catchy. Go to the next **Come Ons** show and try to copy what they do. Or just go to see a kicking mother of a local rock band.

Christa Min

A PECULIAR EVENING AT

THE CINEMA: JACK TRIPPER UNCLEAN WIENER SATINA SATURNINA THE MERKINS MEXICANCARPETSALSMEN

**Saturday, September 16
Ridge Theatre**

Five bands in the auditorium backed by film clips, an art exhibit in the lobby, and a liquor license made the Ridge feel like someone you know at a masquerade ball—familiar but different. We were here for "an evening of assortments on the Dada tradition" presented by David Yonge, the artist also known as Yellowboy. History has it that such evenings were anarchic cabarets whose acts would proceed in solemn order but whose outcomes were anybody's guess. There was some unexpectedness at the end of this one too, but more on that later. Between sets, I enjoyed Yellowboy's art immensely. The names of the paintings and installations rattled my imagination as much as the works themselves. I was very sorry to have missed Yonge's own band, the **Mexicancarpetsalmen** (when will I learn that some shows start on time!) and will try to atone by catching their next gig.

Of all the bands I saw that night, the **Merkins** integrated with the stuff on screen most effectively. Performing against vintage test patterns and spinning film leader countdowns, they were loud, fuzzy, and melodic, and the whole picture was a pleasing piece of art—looking down onto a *Metropolis* shoot.

Next came the ever-demure **Satina Saturnina**. The boys in the band looked fine and provocative in their chorus girl dapper, and when Satina herself arrived and stripped off her fluffery to reveal a blackrotch harness, the band got stretched out into reverberland, I closed my eyes and imagined that **Patti Smith** was fronting **Dick Dale**. Satina's delivery comes off as rather pretentious, but works because she seems to know it and doesn't give a fuck.

And then, oh joy, **Unclean Wiener**. The duo wreaked painful, pofaced havoc, and the percussion never stopped. It went on and then sprayed. Fizz, fizz, chug in perfect rhythm until the stage was obliterated in a cloud of whatever those things chuff out. The guitarist joined her at the end of the number and turned it all Gregorian. Madly perfect. A fan is born.

Jack Tripper was to go on after the break, but alas, the evening turned into a pumpkin. According to zoning bylaws the

plug had to be pulled at one o'clock, and it was already a quarter to. What a gawling let-down. We hung around for a bit, kvetching about the scurrying bureaucrats at City Hall and how this would never happen in Europe, yada, yada, yada. Which reminds me—god knows how the Zurich scenerists in 1911 would have handled being shut down before they were done.

Penelope Mulligan

BURNING SPEAR RANDEESH REGGAE BAND Saturday, September 16 Commodore Ballroom

Forgive me Jah, for I have sinned. After only a few songs, I ducked out of a performance by your chosen son—Winston Rodney, aka the **Burning Spear**. But it wasn't for the lack of good music. No, as you'd expect from a reggae legend of thirty-plus years, the music was great. Mr. Spear truly is a music man of no contemporary age. At sixty-four years of age, he still attacks the bongos with youthful vigour. He still sings in a silky yet commanding baritone. And he still prances mightily above his audience like Cassius Clay above Sonny Liston. So it wasn't the performance that set me walking. I suppose it could have been the unsettling mixture of Caribbean and Jamaican patties in my belly. Or it could have been the nauseating introductions by the dorky white MC dressed in full red-gold-and-green "Out of Africa" regalia ("I told my friend that I was going to see the Spear tonight, and he asked 'Britney Spears is in town?'"). Or maybe it was the fact that whenever Winston Rodney threw out a spontaneous cry of "Rastafari!", all the white Rastafys cheered like they actually gave a shit. Still, it could have been the supporting vocalists from the opening band; I mean, they looked like some of the WASPy women from my Mom's sewing circle, and they were singing "We've got to get back to Babylon!" Most likely, however, I've just got a bad attitude. So I apologize to all you reggae fans out there. I came up short. I will stick to punk reviews from now on. That is, unless **Bad Brains** does a reunion tour, in which case I'll get the best of both worlds.

Jamie MacLaren

CITROEN DESTROYER NEW HEDRON Saturday, September 16 Brickyard

It's never good when there are more people outside a venue than inside, and many a die-hard fan gave up on this show before making it in. Too bad for

them, though, as this show was one of this year's highlights.

New Hedron sounded good from the wrong side of the door. **Citroen** sounded even better on the inside. This band is so fantastic, I wish they played more often. The catchiness of the songs got the small crowd pretty hyped, and the guitar rock anthems played remain in my memory still.

Destroyer rocked the house with new tunes and crowd favorites. Dan Bejar proves that good songwriting shines brightly above all else, and new albums will rule. Love local!

Julie C.

SAUL WILLIAMS

Monday, September 18
Sonar

It's the third week of school, and I've already been bombarded with tons of work. The big game plan was to go straight to the library after school and finish all my readings then go to see poet/actor/emcee **Saul Williams**. I got sick. I needed to take some drugs and rest. This was not in the plan. I was tired, cranky, indecisive, and a bit disoriented. Should I do homework, get some rest, or see Saul? Last minute I decided to go. Please be a good show.

Sonar was packed. If you didn't have a ticket and didn't get there early enough, you'd be sent away. The crowd was diverse, many from the hip hop and spoken word scenes in Vancouver. By midnight the show

began with the opening artist, a woman named **Peace** from Seattle, who performed a political piece dealing with her interracial background. It was then, as her first lines were performed, that I knew I had made the right choice in coming down. This is what we were all here to see: spoken word that entertains, provokes thought, and inspires.



the come ons school us at the brickyard. photo by christa min

Saul Williams came out on stage and performed a piece which was familiar to some from his film *Slam*. Watching the sea of hundreds of people focus on

"Turn down the boss and turn up the mic!" shouted the audience in response to the surge of sound. "Sometimes you have to be loud," retorted Saul. Just as his

Michael Jackson, whom we learnt paid Saul's way through Harvard University. I was glad I went to this show, as was every other person there. I left Sonar

words impacted our minds the boss filled our bodies with the same kind of intensity. During the breaks between numbers Saul would address mainstream vs. underground hip hop and how resisting to bring music to the mainstream is not necessarily a good thing. There were covers of songs, including "She's Out of My Life," an homage to

with the words embedded in my mind and music still flowing through my veins.

Jan-9

SCARED OF CHAKA

THE BRIEFS

THE BAD APPLES

Saturday, September 23
Gibson's (Seattle)

First off, this venue is a lot like the Pic—cozy to the point of sardine can intimacy, crude but effective sound, and ripe with cigarette smoke and beer. Definitely the right atmosphere for this show. That said, an all-female four-piece called **The Bad Apples** took the stage first and made good use of their opening slot status by shooting off salvos of catchy, **Elastic**-meets-**Dishrags** punk pop. A couple of select covers by **Cheap Trick** and the **Buzzcocks** and they were done.

I'm sure most people in Seattle know this already, but the **Briefs** are poised like matches just waiting to be lit. Judging from the crowd reaction, the fuel was in overabundance. These guys consistently put on amazing shows; they have all the right ingredients, from their impeccable taste in clothing to their unbridled energy to their knack for writing songs that stick in your head for days after. One of my favorite bands right now for sure.

But the whole reason for the trip down south laid in the hands of three gentlemen from Duke

City [who now actually reside in Portland]. Three years of waiting to see **Scared of Chaka** again paid off, and from the opening chords of "Rose Rose" it was all smiles, pumping fists, and sing-alongs. Guitarist Cisco was fending off a microphone that just didn't want to stay put, but he still managed to bash out chords with finesse (okay, maybe it was just blind fury since he was celebrating his birthday and was bombed from the word go). Drummer Ron was barely able to play—due to the fact that either his kit kept getting knocked over or run into by overzealous audience members—but he took a turn on the mic for a **Dogs** number which was very cool, and new bassist Josh was so overcome with excitement he was ripping on his strings and then his own hair while maintaining the low-end rumble. They covered a lot of ground song wise, with stuff from the past like "Submarines," "I Must," and "Automatic," current material from their album on Sub City like "Tired Of You, Sick Of Me," "Monsters," and "Time's Up," and even a new song which will be out on a 7" in October on Empty Records. It was a beautiful mess of punk rock, dog piles, and sweat. The drive home proved effortless and adrenaline-fueled. The end.

Bryce Dunn

SHINDIG

COUPON THE DOLLARSTORE JESUS JOEL

Tuesday, September 13

Railway Club

The first night of Shindig really seemed to me to be a giant question mark. **Coupon** was one guy (joined, on the first song, by a clapping friend) playing sweetly warped, countrified acoustic songs on guitar and harmonica. His voice broke now and again—cute. My sole complaint: harmonica sounds pointless when played by amateurs.

The **Dollarstore Jesus** rocked a little harder. All the band members seemed to have a relatively high level of expertise. Though I remember what the band looked like, I am seriously struggling at this moment in time to recall anything about their sound. I know it was kind of unexpectedly good.

Joel is the angry young man who wound up winning. Ripping the strings out of your acoustic guitar seems to be a crowd-pleaser. Personally, I didn't find his set that intriguing, but whatever. A por-

ticularly bad and sexist round of Jokes for Beer sent my apathy over the edge.

Dr. Stupid

THIS NIGHT'S WINNER: JOEL
MY BET: COUPON

AMARILLO STARS

THE CINCH

VICTORY GIN

Tuesday, September 20

Railway Club

Amarillo Stars played a completely unobtrusive set of acoustic songs. This year's Shindig seems to be following a pattern. I drank a beer and carried on a loud conversation instead of listening.

The **Cinch** had the victory in the bag from the word go. Lady instrumentalists, **Velvet Underground** influence, natty '60s-ish clothes. And some good songwriting and enthusiastic [if simple] play-

ing.

Victory Gin get the starring role in my forthcoming made-for-TV movie, *When Snowboarders Start Bands*. High-pitched vocals contrasted oddly with their muscular radio-friendly pop rock. Although **Victory Gin** played their instruments rather better than either of the other bands, their whole vibe was a little too Whistler.

Dr. Stupid

THIS NIGHT'S WINNER: THE CINCH
MY BET: THE CINCH

TRANSVESTIMENTALS

TRAIL VS. RUSSIA

ENGINE OF THE FUTURE

Tuesday, September 26

Railway Club

Les Paul vs. Fury: Canada wins. Fury. No contest.

Fender Precision vs. Travis Bean: Aluminum any day. It's the Bean. Hands down. **Transvestimentals** vs. **Engine of the Future**: Cross-dressers or white guys in patterned shirts? Trash rock or cheese funk? Gibson against Gibson. It's a tie.

Trail Vs. Russia: Imagine there was a time. Calculated chaos. Rock. Hard. **Shellac** with 33% less testosterone. Fury and TBean. Trail Vs. Russia is the clear winner.

THIS NIGHT'S WINNER: TRAIL VS. RUSSIA

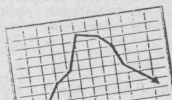
MY BET: TRAIL VS. RUSSIA

Christa Min

Joel, The Cinch, and Trail Vs. Russia
go on to the semi-finals!
Join us Tuesday nights at the Railway
Club this October for Round 2!

CiTR Charts

WHAT'S BEING PLAYED ON CiTR 101.9 FM



HOW THE CHARTS WORK

The monthly charts are compiled based on the number of times a CD/LP ("long vinyl"), 7" ("short vinyl"), or demo tape ("indie home jobs") on CiTR's playlist was played by our DJs during the previous month (ie, "October" charts reflect air-play over September). Weekly charts can be received via e-mail. Send mail to "majordomo@unix.ubc.ca" with the command: "subscribe ci-tr-charts" •

october long vinyl

- 1 beans tired snow zum
- 2 st. germain tourist blue note
- 3 twilight circus dub... dub voyage m
- 4 ekova soft breeze... six degrees
- 5 lily frost lunamarium outside
- 6 nomeansno one alt. tentacles
- 7 kingpins plan of action stomp
- 8 kinnie starr tune up violet inch
- 9 murder city devils in name and blood sub pop
- 10 mooney suzuki people get ready! estrus
- 11 up, bustle and out rebel radio sessions ninja tune
- 12 pram museum of imaginary... merge
- 13 weakerthans left and leaving g-7
- 14 ursula 1000 all systems are... 18th st lounge
- 15 pole 3 matador
- 16 isotope 217 who stole the... thrill jockey
- 17 kid606 down with the scene ipsecac
- 18 huevos rancheros el muerte del toro mint
- 19 senior coconut el baile alaman emperor norton
- 20 les sexareenos live! in the bed sftri
- 21 oval ovalprocess thrill jockey
- 22 de la soul art official intelligence tommy boy
- 23 jurassic 5 quality control interscope
- 24 tahiti 80 puzzle minty fresh
- 25 olivia tremor control singles... emperor norton
- 26 sunshine fix future history of... kindercore
- 27 trans am red line thrill jockey
- 28 herbaliser session one dept. h
- 29 super furry animals mwng flydaddy
- 30 chixdiggit from scene... honest don's
- 31 v/a powerpuff girls comp. rhino
- 32 vancouver nights s/t endearing
- 33 mice parade collaborations bubblecore
- 34 black heart procession three touch and go
- 35 underworld everything, everything v2

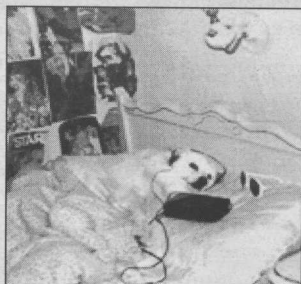
october short vinyl

- 1 frumpies frumpies forever kill rock stars
- 2 gene defcon liz lookout
- 3 riff randells s/t mint
- 4 vice principals wolfman amadeus jackboot junk
- 5 radio berlin heart of industry reassemblage
- 6 unwound/versus split troubleman
- 7 bis/apples in stereo powerpuff girls rhino
- 8 shut ups haul off and smack your ass junk
- 9 tristezza are we people tiger style
- 10 various artists patty duke covers top quality r'n'r
- 11 big john bates vibro psychotic nearly nude
- 12 mooney suzuki s/t telstar
- 13 int'l strike force treat yourself slampit
- 14 brassy work it out wiiija
- 15 a. sparrowhawk/charles altes split star star stereo
- 16 maulies on holiday with... hub city
- 17 valentine killers let it burn junk
- 18 granddaddy crystal lake v2
- 19 electro group line of sight omnibus
- 20 barlebees flight fright magic marker

october indie home jobs

- 1 magnus dragon style
- 2 nasty on hit summer (summer hit)
- 3 panty boy sea hag
- 4 coupon train robbery
- 5 joel heart X 50' woman
- 6 bateater the cave (epic length)
- 7 lollies found myself at the supermarket
- 8 victory gin tired
- 9 amarillo stars el paso
- 10 fanfare the heathens are happier
- 11 new hedron heap wonder
- 12 heatscores run santa run
- 13 squares elite around the capital
- 14 lollies green card marriage
- 15 bad apple life is rough
- 16 jay a. beck ophelia
- 17 bel rise the notion
- 18 river rats baby, yer a troll
- 19 les saints ta mere
- 20 mfw put a shirt on

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On The Dial



YOUR ON-AIR GUIDE TO CTR 101.9FM

ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC
9:00AM-12:00PM All of time is measured by its art. This show presents the most recent new music from around the world. Fans open.

THE ROCKERS SHOW
3:00PM Reggae inna all styles and fashion.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE
3:00-5:00PM Real-cowshit-caught-in-ten-boots country.

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING
alt. 5:00-6:00PM British pop music from all decades.

SAINT TROPEZ **alt. 5:00-6:00PM** International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.), '60s soundtracks and lounge. Book your jet set holiday now!

QUEER FM **6:00-8:00PM**
 Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver and listened to by everyone. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues and great music.

HELLO INDIA **8:00-9:00PM**
GEETANJALI **9:00-10:00PM**
 Geetanjali features a wide range of music from India, including classical music, both Hindustani and Carnatic, popular music from Indian movies, Ghazals, Bhajans and also Quawwalis, etc.

THE SHOW **10:00PM-12:30AM** Strictly Hip-Hop — Strictly Underground — Strictly Vinyl. With your hosts Mr. Rumble, Seanski & J Swing on

the 1 & 2's
THE CHILL-OUT ROOM **12:30-2:00AM** Time to wind down? Lay back in the chill-out room. Trance, house, and special guest DJs with hosts Dieter and Nasty.
VIBE **2:00-6:00AM** The Sunday Night Vibe bringing you the very best in funky and vocal house spun live by your host Delacey. For the true house lovers out there this is the place to be.

MONDAYS **6:00-8:00AM** Spanish rock, ska, techno and alternative music—porque no todo en esta vida es "salsa".
BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS **8:00-11:00AM**
 Your favourite brown-sters, James

and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delightful tune in and enjoy each weekly brown plate special. Instrumental, trance, lounge, and ambience.

THE CUTE 'N' CUDDLY SHOW
alt. 11:00-1:00PM

GIRLFOOD **alt. 11:00-1:00PM**
PARTS UNKNOWN **1:00-3:00PM** Underground pop for the minutes with the occasional interview with your host Chris.

STAND AND BE CUNTED **3:00-4:00PM**
 DJ Hancut fulfills all your feminist needs.

EVIL VS. GOOD **4:00-5:00PM**
 Vileo will triumph! Hardcore/punk from beyond the grave.

WENER'S BARBEQUE **5:00-6:00PM** Join the sports department to hang out with Wener, the Freight Train and the 24 Karat Goldman.

SOUPE DU JOUR **alt. 6:00-7:30PM** Feeling a little French-impaired? Francophone music from around the globe, sons Celine Dion.

FILL-IN **alt. 6:00-7:30PM**
PIRATE RADIO **alt. 7:30-**

9:00PM Formerly "Love Sucks," now at a new time.

BY THE WAY **alt. 7:30-9:00PM**
 I don't know what I'm up to any more. I play lots of odd German electronic, some 7's, and a demo here and there. Go figure.

THE JAZZ SHOW **9:00PM-12:00AM** Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-savvy Gavin Walker. Features at 11.

Oct.2: Drummer/leader Chico Hamilton and his quintet with the great Eric Dolphy. "The Original Ellington Suite".

Oct.9: Canadian-born trumpeter/composer Kenny Wheeler and "Music For Brass Ensemble And Soloists".

Oct.16: Guitar master Kenny Burrell and his All-Stars with pianist Horace Silver and tenor great Hank Mobley.

Oct.23: Overlooked and underappreciated alto saxophonist Sonny Criss won't be after tonight's music as we celebrate his feature and birthday.

Oct.30: Trumpet giant Clifford Brown would have been 70 today—we acknowledge his greatness with "Max Roach and

Clifford Brown at Basin Street".

VENGEANCE IS MINE **12:00-3:00AM** Hosted by Trevor. It's punk rock, baby! Gone from the charts but not from our hearts—thank fucking Christ.

PSYCHEDELIC AIRWAVES **3:00-6:30AM**

TUESDAY
PACIFIC PICKIN' **6:30-8:00AM**
 Bluegrass, old-time music and its derivatives with Arthur and "the Lovely Andrees" Barron.

WORLD HEAT **8:00-9:30AM**
THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM **9:30-11:30AM** Put your hands together for the rock 'n' roll riot! Put your hands together for the rock 'n' roll riot! Let's go!

BLUE MONDAY **alt. 11:30AM-1:00PM** Vancouver's only industrial-electronic-retro-groove program. Music to schmop to, hosted by Coreen.

ELECTROMAGNETIC PULSES **alt. 11:30AM-1:00PM**
CONTEMPORARY **1:00-2:00PM** Music and poetry for

THE RELATIONSHIP SHOW **2:00-3:30PM**
HIPS TITS LIPS POWER **3:30-**

	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
6AM		SALARIO MINIMO	<i>pacific pickin'</i>	deep opp ork	<i>best home sound system</i> the mezzanine floor	shadows at dawn	The Leo Ramirez Show
7	<i>reggae linkup</i>			SUBURBAN JUNGLE			
8				<i>Fool's Paradise</i>	<i>end of the world news</i>	CAUGHT IN THE RED	
9		BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS	WORLD HEAT				<i>The SATURDAY EDGE</i>
10	<i>are you serious? music</i>		<i>THIRD TIMES THE CHARM</i>	<i>The Northern Wish</i>	the ether table	SKA-F's SCENIC DRIVE	
11		<i>girlfood/ the cute 'n' cuddly show</i>	BLUE MONDAY/ ELECTROMAGNETIC PULSES	ANOIZE	CANADIAN LUNCH		soulsistah radio
12PM	Rockers Show	PARTS UNKNOWN	CONTEMPORARY	<i>the shake</i>	STEVE & MIKE	THESE ARE THE BREAKS	POWERCHORD
1		<i>stand and be cunted</i>	<i>THE RELATIONSHIP SHOW</i>	<i>radio free</i>	<i>THE ONOMATOPOEA SHOW</i>	Black Noise	
2		EVIL VS. GOOD	<i>hips tits lips power/ electric avenues</i>	<i>MOTORMAD</i>	RYHMES & REASONS	<i>NARROW</i>	LUCKY SURVIVOR
3	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE		THE MEAT-EATING VEGAN		<i>REL'S TO REAL</i>	NOOZE & ARTS	<i>How to say</i>
4	<i>Chips with Everything / Saint Tropez</i>	WENER'S BARBEQUE	10,000 VOICES	RACHEL'S SONG			
5		SOUPE DU JOUR / fill-in	FLEX YOUR HEAD	<i>reche's song</i>	OUT FOR RICKS	<i>Far East Side Sounds / AFRICAN RHYTHMS</i>	RADIO FREE AMERICA
6	Queer FM	<i>private radio/ by the way</i>		<i>AND SOMETIMES WHY/ REPLICA REJECT</i>	<i>ON AIR WITH CRASHED HALL</i>		
7	Hello India		RADIO ELLINKATHIKO	<i>TOLIS OASIS</i>	<i>Live from... THUNDERBIRD HELL</i>	homebase	synoptic sandwich
8	Geetanjali		<i>a walk about the world</i>	<i>STRAIGHT OUTTA JALLUNDHAR</i>	HIGHBRED VOICES		SOUL FREE! pipedreams
9	The Show	THE JAZZ SHOW	<i>VENUS FLYTRAP/ soulsoptic wanderlust</i>				
10							
11							
12AM	CHILL-OUT ROOM	VENGEANCE IS MINE!	<i>Aural Tentacles</i>	HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR	plutonian nights	SHITMX	TABLETURNZ /EARWAX
1							
2							
3	vibe	<i>psychedelic airwaves</i>	Aural Tentacles	<i>best home sound system</i>		THE MORNING AFTER SHOW	REGGAE LINKUP
4							
5							
6							

4:30PM Featuring That Feminist Collective from CTR
ELECTRIC AVENUES 3:30-4:30
 (last Tuesday of each month)
THE MEAT-EATING VEGAN 4:30-5:00PM
10,000 VOICES 5:00-6:00PM
 Poetry, spoken word, preferences, etc.
FLEX YOUR HEAD 6:00-8:00PM Hardcore punk rock since 1989.
RADIO ELINIKATHIKO 8:00-9:00PM Greek radio.
A WALK ABOUT THE WORLD 9:00-10:00PM
VENUS FLYTRAP'S LOVE DEN alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM
 loveden@hotmail.com
SOULSONIC WANDERLUST alt.10:00PM-12:00AM Photo slam, slither chatter.
AURAL TENTACLES 12:00-3:00AM Ambient, ethnic, funk, pop, dance, punk, electronic, and unusual rock.
FILL-IN 3:00-6:00AM

WEDNESDAY
EEP OPP ORK 6:00-7:00AM
THE SUBURBAN JUNGLE 7:00-9:00AM A perfect blend of the sublime and absurd, with your refined and exotic hosts Jack Velvet and Carmen Ghia.
FOOL'S PARADISE 9:00-10:00AM Japanese music and talk.
THE NORTHERN WISH 10:00AM-12:00PM Spike spins Canadian tunes accompanied by spotlights on local artists.
ANOIZE 12:00-1:00PM
THE SHAKE 1:00-2:00PM
RADIO FREE PRESS 2:00-3:00PM Zines are dead! Long live the zine show! Bleek presents the underground press with articles from zines from around the world.
MOTORDADDY 3:00-5:00PM
 "Eat, sleep, ride, listen to Motordaddy, repeat."
RACHEL'S SONG 5:00-6:30PM Info on health and the environment, consumption and sustainability in the urban context, plus the latest techno, trance, acid and progressive house. Hosted by MPath.
FILL-IN 6:30-7:30PM
AND SOMETIMES WHY alt. 7:30-9:00PM Sleater-kinney, low, sushi... these are a few of our fave-oh-writings.
REPLICA REJECT alt. 7:30-9:00PM Independent and innovative music and noise from an ex-host of Little Twin Stars.
FOLK OASIS 9:00-10:30PM
 The rootsy/worldbeat/bluegrass/polk/country/can-conjuncto show that dares call itself folk. And singersongwriters too.
STRAIGHT OUTTA JALLUNDHAR 10:30PM-12:00AM
 Let Djs Jindava and Bindwa immerse you in radiocactive Bhungari "Chakkh de phutay."
HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR 12:00-3:00AM Mix of most depressing, unheard and unintelligible melodies, tunes and voices.
FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM 3:00-6:30AM

THURSDAYS
THE MEZZANINE FLOOR 6:30-8:00AM
END OF THE WORLD NEWS 8:00-10:00AM

THE ETHER TALE 10:00-11:30AM Phone-in marriage proposals encouraged.
CANADIAN LUNCH 11:30AM-1:00PM From Tofino to Gander, Baffin Island to Toronto La Prairie. The all-Canadian soundtrack for your midday snack!
STEVE & MIKE 1:00-2:00PM
 Crashing the boys' club in the pit. Hard and fast, heavy and slow. Listen to it, baby (hard-core).
THE ONOMATOPOEIA SHOW 2:00-3:00PM Comic comic comic. Oh yeah, and some music with Robin.
RHYMES AND REASONS 3:00-5:00PM
REELS TO REEL alt. 5:30-6:00PM Movie reviews and criticism.
OUT FOR KICKS 6:00-7:30PM No Birkenstocks, nothing politically correct. We don't get paid so you're damn right we have fun with it. Hosted by Chris B.
ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR 7:30-9:00PM The best in roots rock n' roll and rhythm and blues from 1942-1962 with your snappily-attired host Gary Olsen-cripup55@aol.com
LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HALL 9:00-11:00PM Local muzak from 9. Live bandsz from 10-11.
HIGHBRED VOICES 11:00PM-1:00AM
PLUTONIAN NIGHTS 1:00-6:00AM Loops, layers, and additives. Naked phone stuff. Resident haicist with guest Djs and performers.
<http://plutonia.org>
FRIDAYS
SHADOW AT DAWN 6:00-8:00AM With DJ Goulash.
CAUGHT IN THE RED 8:00-10:00AM Trawling the trash heap of over 50 years worth of red rock n' roll debris.
SKA-T'S SCENE-ICK DRIVE! 10:00AM-12:00PM E-mail requests to djska.1@hotmail.com.
THESE ARE THE BREAKS 12:00-2:00PM DJ Splice, A.V. Shack and Promo bring you a ripped up, freaked out, full-on, funkified, sample heavy beat-lain trip, focusing on anything with breakbeats.
BLACK NOISE 2:00-3:30PM
 Essays, poetry, social commentary, and conscious music from a Black radical perspective. If you can't take the heat listen to Z95.
NARDWUAR THE HUMAN SERVIETTE PRESENTS... 3:30-5:00PM Please receive us in rawkin in the free world and have a good breakfast. Roc on, Nardwuar and Cleopatra Von Fluffstein.
NOOZE & ARTS 5:00-6:00PM
FAR EAST SIDE SOUNDS alt. 6:00-9:00PM
AFRICAN RHYTHMS alt. 6:00-9:00PM David "Love" Jones brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, latin, samba, bossa & African music from around the world.
HOMEBASS 9:00PM-12:00AM Hosted by DJ Nook: techno, but also some trance, acid, tribal, etc. Guest Djs, interviews, retrospectives, giveaways, and more.

SHITMIX alt 12:00-2:00AM
 The Shitmix council convenes weekly. Chairman: Jamaal. Correspondents: DJ Marr, the delicious yet nutritious Erin, D.C. Cohen, the Rev. Dr. K Edward Johnson and Winebug Hutton. <http://www.criminalrecords.com>
<http://homestead.com>

SATURDAYS
THE MORNING AFTER SHOW 3:00-6:00AM
THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW 6:00-8:00AM
THE SATURDAY EDGE 8:00AM-12:00PM Studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, and ticket giveaways.
 9-9AM: African/World roots.
 9-9AM-12PM: Celtic music and performances.
SOULSTALK RADIO 12:00-1:00PM
POWERCHORD 1:00-3:00PM
 Vancouver's only true metal show, local demo tapes, imports and other rarities. Gerald Rattlehead and Metal Ron do the damage.
LUCKY SCRATCH 3:00-5:00PM From backwoods delta low-down slide to urban harp honks, blues and blues roots with your hosts Jim and Paul.
RADIO FREE AMERICA 6:00-8:00PM Extraordinary political research that helped to make you think. Originally broadcast on KJFC (Los Angeles, CA).
SOUL TREE alt. 10:00-1:00AM
 From doo-wop to hip hop, from the electric to the eclectic, host Michael Ingram goes beyond the call of gospel and takes soul music to the nth degree.
PIPEDREAMS alt. 1:00-1:00AM
TABLETUNZ alt. 1:00-4:30AM
EARWAX alt. 1:00-4:30AM
 "noiz terror mindfuck hardcore like punk/beat drop dem headz rock inna junglist mashup/distort do source full force with needlz on wax/my choas runs rampant when i free do jazz..." Out-Guy Smiley
REGGAE LINKUP 4:30-8:30AM Hardcore dancehall reggae that will make your microchondria quake. Hosted by Sister B.

CiTR
 whom and how
 Arts Board Chair Doretta Lau
 Board Chair Harry Hertscheg
 Business Cat Moore
 Current Affairs Tobias Van Veen
 Demos/Cassettes Jamaal Francis
 Engineer Richard Anderson
 Entertainment Clinton Ma
 Music Music
 President Julie Colero
 President Christine Glendinning
 Production
 Project Coordinator Bryce Denard
 Promotions All Hussey
 Record Librarian George Barrett
 Secretary Christa Min
 Sports Daniel Wener
 Station Manager Linda Scholten
 Vice President Jay Douillard

SHINDIG

ROCKS ON INTO OCTOBER!
 YOU BEST BE GOING TO THE RAILWAY CLUB
 ON THE FOLLOWING NIGHTS TO SEE WHO
 THE STARS OF TOMORROW ARE!

round two, night one
TUESDAY, OCTOBER 3

tba
 Crestfallen
 Wake Forest

show starts
 at 9:30 pm!

round two, night two
TUESDAY, OCTOBER 10

Matthew Presidente
 Nicely Nicely
 tba

round two, night three
TUESDAY, OCTOBER 17

Spin-Offs
 Parka
 Flophouse, Jr.

round three, night one
TUESDAY, OCTOBER 24

Witness Protection
 Program
 Babbelfish X
 Brother Twelve

Datebook



WHAT'S HAPPENING IN AUGUST

FRI SEPT 29 Critical Mass Bicycle Ride @ Van. Art Gallery, 5pm; Huskavara, Dismissal, Vitamin Voodoo @ Colab; Clumsy Lovers, Trip @ Starfish; Veal @ Cap College; Sri, Tonic @ Commodore; Shannon Moore @ Marine Club; DJ Competition @ Sonar

SAT SEPT 30 Building Press, Betty Ford, the Chafed @ Colab; Buddy, Julie Miller, Emmylou Harris @ Commodore; Necessary Pieces 2 release party @ Sonar

SUN OCT 1 Minimal Effect, Yesterday's Clash, Healthy Scratch @ Jova Joint (all ages); Neil Young, Beck @ GM Place; The The, PJ Olsson @ Richmond; Billy Bragg and the Bkoks, Sarah Hamer @ Vogue

MON 2 Hard Rock Miner's Singalong @ Railway; Bad Religion, Ignite @ Commodore

TUES 3 CITR PRESENTS SHINDIG: MORNING MAKER, CRESTALLEN & WAKE FORESTER RAILWAY, SOULISTASH, MR. BASIE, A-DUBB, LARRY JOPURPLE ONION, Bad Religion @ Croation Cultural Centre (All-Ages); Misfits, Speedeater, Guy Smiley @ Richards on Richards; **WED 4** Burt Neilson Band @ Starfish; **CITR PRESENTS THE FUNKTION: DJ ARIEL @ CHAMELEON**, Matinich @ BC, Sassefras @ Purple Onion

THUR 5 Punk Rock Binge @ Colab; Arthur Funkerall @ Purple Onion

FRI 6 Slush @ Colab; Roscoe P. Caltrane, Splitting Adam, Fan Tan Alley @ Starfish; Jack Tripper, Mia Sheard @ Railway; Dar Williams @ Richards; Toshi Reagon @ Rogue Folk Club; Swollen Members @ Sonar

SAT 7 Victorian Park, The Hexstalls, Wretch @ Colab; Push Button Automatic, Heriophant, Hifi, Brian Nery, Mary @ Railway; The Incubus @ Commodore; Face to Face, Saves the Day, Sum @ Groselund (Seattle)

SUN 8 Commotion, Shannon Moore @ Richards; Fear @ Brickyard; Patty Larkin @ W.V.S.E. Hall

MON 9 Bots of Fiction feat. Clint Burnham, Jamie Reed, Open Mic @ Colab Restaurant, 7:30pm; David Wilcox @ Commodore; Danielle French, Leslie Alexander, Linda McKee, Nadine Davenport, Shelly Tenor @ Colab

TUES 10 CITR PRESENTS SHINDIG: MATTHEW WEDNESDAY, NICELY NICELY, TBA, Moe @ Richards on Richards

WED 11 CITR PRESENTS THE FUNKTION: PROMO @ CHAMELEON; Steve Dawson, Doug Cox @ Silverstone Tavern

SUBMISSIONS TO DATEBOOK ARE FREE!

TO HAVE YOUR EVENT LISTED, FAX ALL THE RELEVANT INFO (WHO, WHERE, WHEN) TO 822.9364, ATTENTION "DATEBOOK." DEADLINE FOR THE NOVEMBER ISSUE IS OCTOBER 25TH!

THUR 12 DJ Anit, Christopher Schmidt, Angel @ the Drink; Rymes with Orange @ Richard's

FRI 13 The Stole My Beer @ Starfish; Making Video 'In': Book Launch @ Video In, 8pm; Eugene Ripper, Jonathan Inc., Radiogram, The Hard Rock Miners @ Railway; 54-40 @ Commodore; Stephen Featring @ Cap College; Los Moccosos @ Sonar

SAT 14 Eugene Ripper, Peppersons, Wolitz Darling, The Royal Grand Prix @ Railway; Earth Dance @ Beauty St. Armouries; Delfones, Incubus, Topnotch @ PNE Forum; Michael Koshhammer @ Centennial Theatre; M. Doughy @ Brickyard; The Evaporators, The Riff Randells, Kong Kordene @ PNE Pub

SUN 15 Fear @ Brickyard

MON 16 The Herbaliser, Shades of Culture @ Sonar; Treble Charger @ Starfish

TUES 17 CITR PRESENTS SHINDIG: THE SPINOFFS, PARKA & FLOPHOUSE JBR RAILWAY

WED 18 Richard Buckner, Eric Hayward @ Starfish; Halcyon @ Railway; **CITR PRESENTS THE FUNKTION: JAN- @ CHAMELEON**

THUR 19 Jack Assasin, Ani Kyd Band, Sarah Cheevers @ Starfish; Good Riddance @ Grandview Legion; Lily Frost @ Performance Works

FRI 20 Paperboys & Flannel Jimmy @ Starfish; Zubot & Dawson @ Cap College Performing Arts Theatre; Ray Cando & the Ricciches @ Railway; Danko Jones, Tricky Worm @ Brickyard; Unified Theatre, V.A.S.T. @ Richards; Speedball Baby, The Horrors @ PNE

SAT 21 Fred Penner @ Centennial Theatre

SUN 22 Fred Penner @ Centennial Theatre

MON 23 Kathryn Wahomaa, Belinda Bruce, Lori Cullen @ Railway; Fat Lip @ Sonar

TUES 24 CITR PRESENTS SHINDIG: WITNESS PROTECTION PROGRAM, BABBLEFISH X, BROTHER TWELVE @ THE RAILWAY

WED 25 Lori Cullen, The Bell Jar, Coal @ Railway

THUR 26 Goodspeed View Ball Empor, Macca Normal, The Sons @ Vogue; Cabbage Patch Negators, Andy Stochansky, Danny Michel @ Railway; Capilano Review @ 200 Launch; Clint Burnham, Tea Bowring, John Newlove, Anne Stone, Bill bisse @ Anza

FRI 27 Red Kids, The Pinkz, The New Town Animals @ PNE Pub; Eliades Ochoa Y el Cuarteto Patria, Grupo Jazz

Tumbao @ Commodore

SAT 28 Creepy Crawlies, The Rocketfins, Ani Kyd @ Railway; Animal Instincts @ Beauty St. Armouries

SUN 29 Wide Mouth Mason @ Commodore

MON 30 Powerdown, Dog Eat Dogma & Nunstalker @ Colab

TUES 31 CITR PRESENTS A VERY SCARY SHINDIG! W/ SCARY BANS BITCHIN' COWPUNK MASSACRE, JASON DASILVA 3, EMERALD CITY RAILWAY

WED NOV 1 All Saints' Day

THUR NOV 2 Headstones w/ the Unband @ Commodore

SPECIAL

EVENTS

NINJA TUNE 10TH ANNIVERSARY TOUR
FEATURING COLD CUT. ONE OF THE BEST IDEAS LABELS EVER IS CELEBRATING WITH ONE FINE "ELECTRONIC" HOSTILE AT SONAR (THE "NAR FOR SHORT, ALL YOU HIPSTERS TAKE NOTE") OCT. 31.

OCTOBERFEST 2000

OCT. 20 & 21 @ THE COMMODORE. IF LEEDERHOSCH TURNS YOU ON (AND WHY WOULDN'T IT?) GET WASTED AT OCTOBERFEST 2000. FEATURING SEVERAL "COMPARA" BANDS, A VERY SILENT "MODELING CONTEST, ACTUAL MODELS, & AN ACCORDIAN PLAYER. THE RELEASE NOTES THAT ADMISION DOES NOT INCLUDE A BREAD STEN THIS YEAR (DUE TO INCIDENT LAST YEAR). AND IT'S SPONSORED BY A SAUSAGE COMPANY...THE IMAGINATION RUNS WILD...

MUSIC INDUSTRY TRAVEL ASSISTANCE PROGRAM
IS TRAVEL THAT YOU'RE DOING TO SUPPORT A RECORDING. IT'S ADMINISTERED ON BEHALF OF THE MUSIC INDUSTRY SMALL BUSINESS, TOURISM, & CULTURE BY THE PMIA. FOR INFO AND APPLICATIONS CHECK OUT WWW.PMIA.ORG. GET DAT MONEY!!!

MIRANDA FREAKIN' JULY

MY BEDROOM'S FAVOURITE POSTER GIRL IS GOING TO BE PERFORMING HER NEW "LIVE MOVIE," *THE SWAN TOOL*, AT THE BLINDING LIGHT!! ON WEDNESDAY, OCT. 25TH. ALSO ON THE BILL IS MIRANDA'S NEW BIG MISS MOVIOLA CO-STAR TAPE #3. IF YOU LIKE SCARY LADIES AND MOVIES, CHECK THIS OUT.

VENUES • BARS • THEATRES • RESTAURANT • RECORD STORES

Amsterdam Café 302 W. Cordova St. (Gastown) 683 7200
Anzu Club 3 W. 8th Ave. (Mount Pleasant) 876 7128
Arts Hotline 684 2789
Bassix 217 W. Hastings St. (at Cambie) 689 7734
Backstage Lounge 1585 Johnston (Granville Island) 687 1354
Beatstreet Records 4323 Main or 712 Robson (Upstairs) 709 6904
Black Dog Video 3451 Cambie St. 873 6958
Black Sheep Books 2742 W. 4th Ave. (at Macdonald) 732 5087
Blinding Light 36 Powell St. (Gastown) 878 3366
Boomtown #102-1252 Burrard (at Davie) 893 3665
The Brickyard 315 Carroll St. (Gastown) 685 3978
Café Deux Soles 2096 Commercial (the Drive) 254 1195
Café Montmartre 45 Main St. (Mt. Pleasant) 666 6666
Cambie 515 Seymour 684 7751
Caprice Theatre 965 Granville (Granville Mall) 683 6099
Cajon Jazz Cafe 3611 W. Broadway (downstairs) 738 1959
Chameleon Urban Lounge 801 W. Georgia (Downtown) 689 0806
Chan Centre 6265 Crescent Rd. (UBC) 822 3017
Cobalt Hall 917 Main Street 999 Canada Place 685 2825
Columbia Hotel 303 Columbia (at Cordova) 681 1531
Commodore Lounge 838 Granville St. (Granville Mall) 669 0866
CNB Skate and Snow 3712 Robson St. 682 5345
Cordova Cafe 307 Cordova St. (Gastown) 682 5637
Croation Cultural Centre 3250 Commercial Dr. (at 17th) 879 0154
Crosstown Music 518 W. Pender St. 883 8774
DANSPACE 1222 Franklin East Hastings 682 3207
Denman Place Cinema 1030 Denman St. (West End) 682 2201
Dr. Sun Ya-Sen Garden Main Hall 578 Carroll St. 682 3207
DV8 515 Davie St. (downtown) 682 4388
Fifth Avenue Cinemas 2110 Burrard (at 5th) 734 4769
Firehall Arts Centre 80 E. Cordova (at Main) 689 0926
Futuristic Flavours 1020 Granville (downtown) 872 2999

F.W.U.H. Beauty 552 Beatty St. (downtown) 687 7464
Frederic Wood Theatre (UBC) 822 2678
Gorge Pub 2889 E. Hastings St. (downtown) 822 9364
The Grind Gallery 4124 Main St. (Mt. Pleasant) 623 6057
Helen Pitt Gallery 882 Homer (downtown) 681 6740
Hollywood Theatre 3123 W. Broadway (Kitsilano) 738 3211
Hot Jazz Society 2120 Main St. (Mt. Pleasant) 873 4131
Java Joint 10729 King George Highway (Surrey) 588 5282
Jericho Arts Centre 1600 Discovery (Pl. Grey) 224 8007
Jupiter Cafe & Billiards 1216 Bute (near Denman St.) 606 6665
La Quena 1111 Commercial (the Drive) 251 6626
Lava Lounge 1176 Granville St. (downtown) 688 8701
Loud Sound Lounge 455 Abbott St. (Gastown) 685 7777
Luz Coffee Lounge 2525 Main St. (Mt. Pleasant) 873 6766
Ork'Fair 1275 Seymour St. (downtown) 685 3288
Mesoluna 1926 W. Broadway
Minors Pavilion 7191 Granville St. (Richmond) 678 3426
Motherload Clothing 2539 Main St. (Mt. Pleasant) 806 0913
Moon Base Gallery 231 Carroll St. (Gastown) 738 7151
Naam Restaurant 2724 W. 4th Ave. (Kitsilano) 734 1229
Nepton Records 570 Fraser St.
Orpheum Theatre Smiles & Seymour (downtown) 669 5414
Orcs Records 1176 & 1340 Davie St. (west end) 688 3456
Pacific Cinéma 1131 Howe (downtown) 688 2648
Palladium 1250 Richards (downtown) 681 1732
Paradise Cinema 919 Granville (Granville Mall) 876 2747
Piccadilly Place 630 W. Pender (at Seymour) 681 6740
Pin Gallery 17 W. Hastings (downtown) 685 7050
Plaza Theatre 881 Granville (Granville Mall) 873 1944
Public Lounge Eatery 3289 Main St. (Mt. Pleasant) 684 PUFF
Puff Pipes 4326 Main or #14712 Robson 602 9442
Purple Onion 515 Water St. (Gastown)
Queen Elizabeth Theatre Hamilton & Georgia 665 3050
The Rage 750 Pacific Blvd. South (Floza of Nations) 685 5585

Railway Club 579 Dunsmuir St. (at Seymour) 681 1625
Richard's on Richards 1036 Richards St. (downtown) 687 6794
Ride On 2255 W. Broadway; 2712 Robson St. (upstairs) 738 7734
Ridge Cinema 3131 Arbutus St. (at 16th) 738 6311
Scratch Records 726 Richards St. (downtown) 877 1676
Seynny Hall 605 Mountain Hwy. (North Van) 687 0499
Shadblot Centre for the Arts 6450 Deer Lake Ave. (Bby) 291 6864
Silverstone Tavern 2733 Commercial Drive 877 2245
Singles Going Steady 3296 Main St. (at 17th) 876 9233
Sonos 56 Water St. (Gastown) 683 6695
Starfish Room 1055 Homer St. (downtown) 682 4171
Starlight Cinema 935 Denman St. (West End) 689 0096
Street Street Arts Centre 930 Station (off Main) 688 3312
Sugar Refinery 1115 Granville St. (downtown) 683 2004
Tori Gallery 1869 W. 4th Ave. 738 0856
Theatre E 254 E. Hastings (Chinatown) 681 8915
Thunderbird Ent. Centre 120 W. 16th St. (N. Van) 988 2473
Van Valu Vintage Robson (downstairs) 685 5403
Vancouver E. Cultural Centre 1895 Venables (at Victoria) 254 9578
Vancouver Little Theatre 3102 Main (Mt. Pleasant) 876 4165
Varsity Theatre 4375 W. 10th (Point Grey) 252 2235
Video In Studios 1945 Main (Mt. Pleasant) 872 8337
Vinyl Rakkis 76 W. Cordova (Gastown) 689 3326
Vogue Theatre 918 Granville (Granville Mall) 311 7909
Waterfront Theatre 1405 Anderson (Granville St.) 685 6217
Western Front 303 E. 8th Ave. (near Main) 676 9343
Wett Bar 1320 Richards (downtown) 230 6278
Village Theatre 209 E. 6th Ave. (at Main) 874 4687
W.I.S.E. Hall 1882 Adanac (the Drive) 254 5858
Women In Print 3565 W. 4th (Kitsilano) 732 4128
Yule Blues Pub 1300 Granville (downtown) 681 9253
Zulu Records 1869 W. 4th (Kitsilano) 738 3232

Enter the RUN of the HOUSE contest @

hob.com
IT IS LIVE™

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STONER
ROCKS

OCTOBER 1

BILLY BRAGG & THE BLOKES

PLAY WOODY, OLD FAVES AND NEW RAVES
WITH SPECIAL GUEST SARAH HARMER

TICKETS ALSO AT MOBILE RECORDS & ZOLA RECORDS

VOGUE THEATRE

TWO SHOWS!
ON ALL AGES AND OVER 19

BAD RELIGION

NEW AMERICA TOUR
IGNITE

BY A THREAD

OCTOBER 2 OCTOBER 3
ALL AGES ALL AGES

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at special permission of Seattle 1st Convention Place
www.badrug.com 206.461.0000

OCTOBER 10

the return of

moe.



RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

SATURDAY OCTOBER 14

THE BACK TO SCHOOL TOUR

dethkones

Etaproot

Xm

PNE FORUM

OCTOBER 16

TREBLE CHARGER

STARFISH ROOM

OCTOBER 20

VAST

EARLY SHOW WITH GUESTS UNIFIED THEORY

RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

FRIDAY OCTOBER 27

ALL AGES

face to face

gob with guests **& SAVES THE DAY**

TICKETS ALSO BY NOIZE AND ZOLA

CROATIAN CULTURAL CENTRE

COMMODORE BALLROOM

TUESDAYS
IN OCTOBER

DISCO
TUESDAY

INFERNO

WITH SPECIAL PLAYERS
THE HEAT
COOKIES
DOORS AT 9:00 PM / LOOK DRIVING GET PAST THE LINE
DISCO GEAR ENSURES PRIORITY ENTRY

SUN
OCT
1

Back by popular demand...

the The

TICKETS
ALSO AT
ZOLA

"one of the most dramatic concert events since the Commodore's reopening"

PJ
OLSSON

SAT
OCT
7

FROM JAMAICA
THE ITALS

TICKETS
ALSO AT
ZOLA

WITH GUESTS
FULL CIRCLE
BAND



SUN
OCT
29

WIDE MOUTH MASON

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3

JAZZBERRY RAM

WITH GUESTS
CLUMSY LOVERS
& 4-PLAY

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JENSENBERG
bt
THE HYPERPHONIC

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FRIDAY & SATURDAY OCTOBER 20 & 21
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zulu'ssoun collage

12 new pastiches from:

Sea & Cake, Molasses, Xen Cuts, Nigo, C. Marclay and O. Yoshihide, Go Between, At The Drive In, Joan Of Arc, Damon and Naomi, Pele, Ashley Park, Tristeza

Variants

XEN CUTS 3CD/4LP

Ninja Tune didn't invent electronic collage music. It has simply been putting out consistently creative and delicious records for the past ten years. The first disc of this three CD collection is Ninja's contribution to hip hop. They've put out some damn fine stuff, like the *Herbaliser* and *DJ Vadim's* last albums. They've got the *Quannum* crew on board now, too — nuff said. The second disc is more typical Ninja fare: jazz, funk, and enough technology to keep it fresh. The third disc is for the die hard folks who have everything except the "misericordia" floppy, and skipped material: it features remixes by *John McEntire* of *Tripcore*, *Four Tet*, and *Squarepusher*, to name but a few of the high flyers!

3CD 26.98 4LP 42.98

SEA & CAKE Oui CD/LP

Yes! Yes indeed. Another inward refinement for Chicago's new cafe modernists, and we couldn't possibly be more satisfied. Everything that is common and likable about the *SEA & CAKE* is polished and placed in its nicest arrangement yet. Also, the accomplishments of *Prekop*, *Prewitt*, and *McEntire's* solo work are well employed, adding subtle depth and complexity. All in all, it's beautiful. Imagine reorganising all of your favourite possessions so that they seem somehow new and still your same old favourite possessions at once. A shell game, perhaps. More aesthetics, maybe. But the overall effect is positive and redeeming. Charming and subtle and suitable for framing. *SEA & CAKE* are a true Zulu favourite. Recommended.

CD 16.98 LP 14.98

MOLASSES

Trilogie: Toll And Peaceful Life CD

Now at Zulu: another desolate postcard from our friends with addresses in Montreal's Mile End district. More in line with *A Silver Mount Zion than Godspeed...* Molasses' second release finds songwriter *Scott Cherner* experimenting with the neo-classical ambience of his post-city vision. Designed as a journey through the streets of the city, this dense listen begins with the daybreak sounds of rats scuttling along the cobblestones and church bells ringing, falling us quietly into a chamber of haunted railroads and warehouses. There, a wobbly gramophone sits on a table, holding the following items: '36 strike-anywhere matches, a spoon of navy blue Thrift, and an ink-tipped feather. Molasses' charms crackle out.

CD 14.98 AVAILABLE OCTOBER 7



NIGO

Ape Sounds CD/LP

If you're a fan of *UNKLE*, *Besette Boys*, *Comedius*, *Money Mark* or *Takako Minekawa*, then chances are you already have a *Nigo* related collaboration in your record collection. Or better yet, if your T-shirt collection includes a rare *Bathing Ape* print, then graphic designer-turned-musician Nigo should be your cultural architect of choice! Once available only in Japan, *Ape Sounds* can now be heard in our neck of the woods, thanks to *Mo' Wax*. Thoroughly modern music — recommended at thoroughly modern Zulu!

CD 16.98 2LP 18.98

CHRISTIAN MARCLAY/ OTOMO YOSHIHIDE

Moving Parts CD

The typologies seem kind of stiff, especially in reference to cultural production, and particularly in reference to today's common anti-metropolitan sensibility. Nevertheless, when it comes to *Christian Marclay* and *Otomo Yoshihide*, something needs to be said, some clarification given. While turntables often play a part in both of these artists' work, strictly speaking, they are not DJs in any conventional sense. For one, they favour sound clashes, cut-ups, experimentation, and collage. Instead of beats, tricks, and phat-ness. However, proper DJs or not, the superabundance of ideas on this record confirms their collective reputation. Not only for the adventurous, turntableists of all stripes will find something valuable here.

CD 16.98 AVAILABLE OCTOBER 7

DAMON AND NAOMI

With Ghost CD

Known best for their *Katharsis* space-jams as the rhythm section for *Salaxy 500*, *Damon and Naomi* have steadily championed the new folk-psyche revival, which includes compatriots such as *Flying Saucer Attack*, *Bardo Pond*, and *Windy & Carl*. Elsewhere, Japanese acid-folk rockers *Ghost* gathered their pastoral billows to blow new life into the post-*Can* *Fast* prog scene, thus making this meeting of mutual admirers inevitable. It's time to leave this planet at Zulu!

CD 16.98



other new releases

DAMON JURADO - Ghost of David CD/LP
OCTANT - Car Alarms and Crickets CD/LP
BETTIE SERVEY - Private Suid CD
AMON TUBIN - 4 Ton Manis CDEP/12"
DJ VADIM - Your Revolution CDEP/12"
SPRINGHEEL JACK - Disappeared CD

DAN THE AUTOMATOR - A Much Better Tomorrow CD/LP
TOWN AND COUNTRY - It All Has To Do With It CD/LP
ELEVATOR - A Taste Of Complete Perspective CD
THE FUCKING CHAMPS - IV CD
FENNEZ - Live At The Revolver Club CD

ASHLEY PARK Town and Country CD/LP

My first introduction to *ASHLEY PARK* ended up in a 10 pound dry cleaning bill. There I was in a dim theatre near the Camden tub station, sister in tow, waiting for the brilliance to ensue, and undoubtedly with it Peggy's steady stream of Nip/Tyland shades. Well, it wasn't Peggy's tears that stained the jacket... it was mine! The tunes were dizzy. Augmented chords, I wept with every minor-fifth. This is what sunglasses are for — to look good while you cry. Out now on *Kindercore Records*, pure 60s pop from local singer/songwriter *Terry Miles*!

CD 16.98 LP 14.98

GO BETWEEN'S

The Friends of Rachel Worth CD

Solo artists *Graig McLennan* and *Robert Forster* reunite after a 12-year absence. Joined by backing band *Sheila Kinney*, as well as guests *Stephen Malkmus*, *Elliott Smith* and *Son Volt* (*Shane*), the duo relives its past song-writing career by creating a fresh record with an acoustic warmth and charm. Smack-dab between rootsy Americana and current alt-country, these old school players are like a trusty pair of boots — why polish their character!

CD 18.98

TRISTEZA

Dream Signals In Full Circles CD

Temporarily leaving behind everything aggressive and bombastic, this group of hardcore punk noise-makers has even become substantially more smoothed-out and laid-back since their remarkable and already quite tranquil debut, *Spine and Sensory*. Still, like last time, dreamy guitars and keyboard drones float above a steady rhythm section, except now with greater confidence, cohesion, and restraint. This culminates in some downright pretty instrumental music, and we mean pretty. Shades of melancholic 80s pop or softer Kraut-rock add tastefully to the mix, sure to please contemporary tastes and fancies. Does punk need not be rock? You decide.

CD 16.98



PELE

The Nudes CD/LP

Materials required: Drawing board, paper, conte crayons, and physical outlines. Casual sketches of guitar, bass and drums, with an emphasis on form and textural variance from these second-year Polyvinyl Records pupils. Having dazzled much of the Zulu staff with their standout entry in last year's experimental post-rock group show, *PELE* strengthen their allegiance with the 'inner circle' of out-rock neophytes *Promise Ring*, etc. Prerequisites for this course include: *Pell Mell*, *Trans Am*, and *Silent*.

CD/LP 16.98

AT THE DRIVE IN Relationship of Command CD

The following transcription is entirely true, and, although used here as a blatant advertising strategy, should not be deemed cheapened by being thus reprinted: Phone rings. Hello Zulu! "Oh hello...um...do you have...is the new *At The Drive In* out?" "No, it's delayed until the end of the month. We should be getting it by then." "Oh, OK, thanks. Bye." "Bye." Both parties hang up the phone. Chances are the demand is strong. So, if you are familiar with the band, is calling them post-Fugazi OK? Get back to us.

CD 16.98

JOAN OF ARC The Gap CD/LP

The escalator moves up into the clouds. The air gets thin and dry, not unlike seaweed. Seaweed is occasionally used as wrapping paper for found objects, such as glass or stones. We have been repetitively told not to throw stones at glass houses, but we do so anyway. By chance, come in and listen to "Your Impersonation This Morning of Me Last Night" by *Joan of Arc*.

CD 16.98 LP 14.98



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